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HOW A RED UNION BOSSES ATOM WORKERS IN B. C.
by Pierre Berton

A Diabetic Tells Her Story

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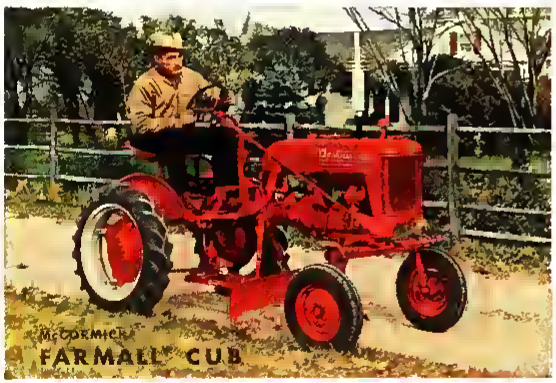
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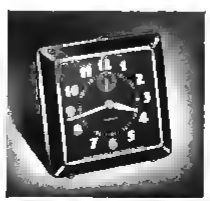


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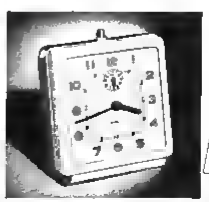
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

VOL. 64 APRIL 1, 1951 No. 7

COVER PAINTING BY OSCAR

Articles

HOW A RED UNION BOSSES ATOM WORKERS AT TRAIL, B.C. Pierre Berton — 7
JANE GRAY, RADIO'S FIRST LADY Eve Li Wuorio — 10
HOW GOOD IS YOUR CREDIT? Sidney Margolius — 12
THE RUSSIAN SUBS ON OUR COASTLINE Gerald Anglin — 14
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DON'T LIVE IN NEW YORK. Harry Henderson — 18
I LEARNED TO LIVE WITH DIABETES Eleanor Burrell as told to Ted Sandelson — 20
SPURS CAN BE GLAMOROUS James Bannerman — 22
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WATER Fred Bodsworth — 24

Fiction

ANNIVERSARY John Rhodes Sturdy — 18

Special Departments

EDITORIALS — 3
LONDON LETTER: REST COMING FOR THE TIRED MEN? Beverley Baxter — 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA Blair Fraser — 5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Cyrin Gilmour — 27
IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE — 28
JASPER; Cartoon by Simpkins — 45
MAILBAG — 62
PARADE — 64

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EDITORIAL

The Hidden Triumph of Ti-Coq

WHEN Gratien Gélinas' widely heralded play, Ti-Coq, limped back from New York recently, impoverished and rejected by the stony heart of Broadway, a great number of Canadians felt they were in the presence of a national catastrophe.

To many who have yearned for the day when Canadians might write, paint, act and sing for all the world and win the world's applause, Ti-Coq's failure in New York represented a tragedy far greater than the tragedy of one more local boy who didn't make good in the big city after all.

Ti-Coq had won an extraordinary reception here in Canada. Never perhaps in this country's halting, hopeful cultural history had a piece of Canadian writing, a piece of Canadian painting or a piece of Canadian music been more quickly and enthusiastically applauded here at home. The play had broken all records in Montreal. Then in its English translation it played a week to packed and cheering houses in Toronto. Its admirers held far more than the hope of fresh commercial success for it. They felt it could not escape recognition as the artistic *tour de force* which it was considered to be by so many of those who saw it here.

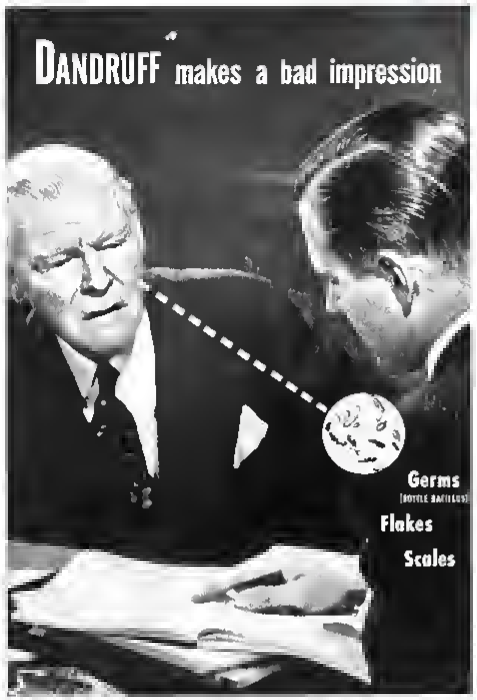
The play lasted only three performances in New York. Although Gélinas himself shrugged off the disaster with the good natured stoicism of a trouper, at least some of his admirers insisted on reading all sorts of sinister meanings into it. The unadmiring New York critics and the practically non existent New York audiences were charged with everything from chauvinistic jealousy and Philistinism to home town refereeing. One disgruntled Ti-Coq supporter threatened to retaliate by organizing boycotts against every New York play which attempts henceforward to appear in Canada.

Amid these loyal if somewhat childish caterwaulings, it seems to us that the real significance of the incident has been lost. The real significance was not that Ti-Coq failed in New York, but that it achieved an outstanding success in Canada *before* Canadian audiences and Canadian critics knew what it was going to do in New York.

We don't think it's necessary to labor the point that this reverses one of the most stubborn and exasperating trends in our national life. Occasionally—very occasionally—we Canadians have consented to admit that a Canadian book, a Canadian play, a Canadian painting or a Canadian work of music can become worthy of some restrained and patronizing measure of our praise, whether the rest of the world sees fit to praise it or not. Never before, to the best of this magazine's knowledge, have we Canadians had the generosity and independence and confidence and honest common sense to go completely overboard for a Canadian work of art for the sole reason that we liked it.

Our personal reaction to Ti-Coq as a play is largely irrelevant. For what the observation is worth, we enjoyed it. We did not enjoy it so much that we considered it impossible for other people of honest judgment and reasonable taste to disagree.

We are not convinced in short that Ti-Coq got a dirty deal on Broadway. We are convinced that it got a fair deal in Canada. And if Gratien Gélinas has helped persuade Canadians that they are entitled to like a Canadian play or a Canadian book without waiting for the New York reviews to tell them whether it's safe to like it, then his ultimate stature as a Canadian will far outreach his very considerable stature as a playwright and an actor.



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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Bevans at home. His illness wins sympathy but seems more weak for Attlee.

REST COMING FOR THE TIRED MEN?

WAGNER'S 'Ring' which will soon be heard at Covent Garden Opera House, ends with *'Gotterdammerung'*—or to give the English translation, "the Twilight of the Gods." This last opera of the involved cycle opens with the lovely rippling music of the Rhine Maidens then progresses half way to the death of Siegfried whose corpse is carried off stage on a shield

This Siegfried episode is pretty tricky for Wagnerian tenors are stout fellows—they have to be—and more than once the shield has been known to break under their weight However Wagner was a man who believed in taking chances.

But all this is nothing to the last act when Brunhilde sings the orchestra to a standstill and then mounting her horse rides to Valhalla and is consumed with the gods in flames. The music is glorious the tragedy complete, and we all go home stimulated, inspired and happy

Now it may not be apparent what all this has to do with His Majesty's Socialist Government Mr Attlee world certainly make an unimposing Siegfried and Herbert Morrison even in fancy dress would be an unconvincing Brunhilde yet Valhalla in flames and I are very much afraid that the Socialists have entered the Twilight of the Gods.

It is always risky to prophesy especially when the international situation is so unpredictable but unless all the portents lie the Socialists will be heavily defeated at the polls before the leaves are autumn-tinted again Since there must be a government it is equally certain that the Conservatives will form the next administration

If the country could distinguish in the ballot between Mr Attlee and his party it would do so This unspectacular little man has carried a terrible burden without a whimper For weeks now he has been Prime Minister Acting Foreign Secretary and Acting Minister of Defense. But he turns up each day as if he had no more worries than come to any chap in the course of the day

For five years Churchill has hit him with everything he's got and the little bantam is still in the ring

After all, Attlee is not a stripling in years and has no chance of respite throughout the live-long day In fact he would probably regard a day which confronted him with only one crisis as a siesta Sometimes I think his only diversion as he walks from one committee room to another is to step of the ticker tape and find out just how badly Australia is beating the English cricket team.

But one man is not a government (even Churchill found that out) and Attlee will have to go down with his team At least that is what it looks like now unless the age of miracles is still with us.

While we are in a kindly mood let us leave Mr Attlee and admit that when the flames of Valhalla were reddening the sky and Herbert Brunhilde Morrison saw the horse waiting for him, many of us felt a pang of regret. During the last two years he has proved himself a good House of Commons man, and his influence is solidly against the extremists in his party

His incorrigible Cockney humor seldom leaves him, and then not for long. In fact when finally he mounts his horse and turns its head toward the mountain of Valhalla he will probably say 'Well boys it was my idea to hold a Festival of Britain in 1951 but I didn't know that I was going to be the festival!'

But there is one Minister who will not be consumed with the gods. That is Aneurin *Continued on page 39*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Aroused But Not Rattled

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

YOU can still get up an argument any time in Ottawa on the question "Who's going to be the next Liberal leader?" But, as the crisis deepens, the argument becomes more and more academic Prime Minister St. Laurent is more and more likely to stay on for another term

As far as reporters can learn he himself has said nothing about it Some of his associates doubt if he has made up his own mind—and, equally important whether *Mrs* St Laurent has made up her mind which she'd rather have him do There is also some mild dispute about his prospects for good health through the next six years. Which is the wiser course for a hale and hearty man of 69 to carry on with Canada's heaviest job or to choose the rust and boredom of premature retirement?

But, if the international situation grows worse or even remains as it is, these questions fade out a good deal St. Laurent is the man supremely qualified to lead Canada in a time of crisis. No one else in any party could equal him. St. Laurent is a conscientious patriot, very sensitive to the call of duty If it can be argued (as it will be argued) that he owes it to his country to remain on the job he will probably stay

* * *

CANADIANS are often accused of being apathetic about the world crisis. Certainly there is a lot more evident excitement about it in the United States than here But Gallup Poll officials on the strength of their surveys in recent months say Canadians are much more aware of danger then they may appear Pollsters think the Canadian public is wider awake than the Government seems to realize

This conclusion isn't always reflected in the yes-or-no answers to the polls themselves. Events are moving so fast, it's hard for pollsters to keep up. For instance, a considerable percentage of Canadians lately declared themselves in favor of a bigger Canadian contribution to the Korean War The poll was started when only the Princess Pats had been sent to Korea, before it could be completed, let alone published the rest of the Special Brigade was on its way.

Quite aside from percentage reactions to particular questions though, pollsters have been impressed by a general increase in awareness of the tense international situation People are thinking about it now as they were not a year ago and they seem to have got into a mood of resolution which is all the stronger for being rational not emotional.

Dr George Gallup himself visited Canada a few weeks ago When his Canadian colleagues told him of their results he said "If that's the case you Canadians are lucky We are disturbed by the emotionalism we find in our American surveys We're afraid it's a mood that won't last.'

Along with this cheering news of our own morale there have been equally encouraging reports on that of the enemy Inside the satellite countries the Communists seem to be having trouble

In Czechoslovakia the great purge announced last month (170,000 Communist

Continued on page 63



Cartoon by Gorrdick

Sensitive to the call of duty, St Laurent will probably stay on the job



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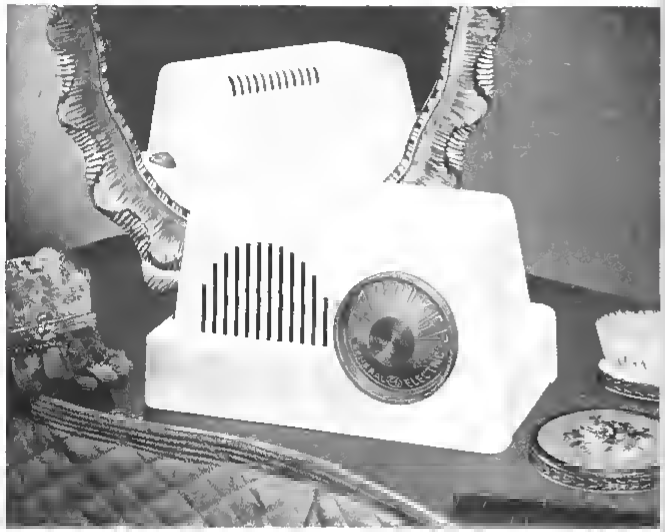
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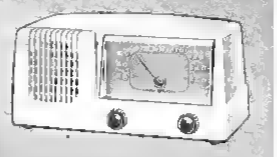
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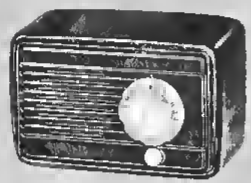
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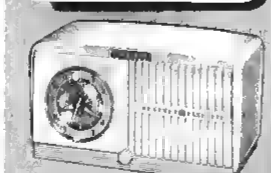


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How a Red Union Bosses Atom Workers At Trail, B.C.

Openly controlled by Communists, the Mine-Mill Union doggedly holds its grip on one of Canada's most vital industries. Its domain includes a carefully guarded heavy-water plant in the B.C. mountains. An anti-Communist rival claims a majority of the workers, but the Reds are still on top in a fight that could involve our security

By PIERRE BERTON

IN THE SMOKY little smelter town of Trail, huddled deep in the gnarled recesses of B.C.'s Kootenay mountains, one of the most significant union struggles in modern labor history is being fought out against a backdrop of atomic secrecy, Communist infiltration and charges of political opportunism.

Here, the United Steelworkers of America, the continent's most powerful industrial union, is challenging the right of the 57-year-old International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers to bargain for the men who work for one of Canada's richest corporations, the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co., a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The contest at Trail is something more than just another union squabble. In the first place, the Mine-Mill union has for more than a decade been run by the Communist Party for its own purposes. In the second, Canada's first atomic plant is at Trail. CM&S has been producing heavy water for U.S. atomic research—perhaps for a hydrogen bomb—for almost eight years.

So far, the Steelworkers have failed to uproot the Communist-led union. They were given the job in January, 1950, when the Mine-Mill union was expelled by the Canadian Congress of Labor. But after a year of B.C. Labor Board hearings, court cases, appeals and counter-suits, the Mine-Mill union and its Communist-dominated executive is still legal bargaining agent for Trail's 4,000 workers, even though only 1,700 of them actually belong to it.

Although the Steelworkers, in a whirlwind campaign, were able to win 2,200 smeltermen to their cause, the government-appointed Labor Relations Board of B.C. has declined to certify them. And the Trail employees themselves have as yet been given no opportunity to vote on which union they want to represent them.

Some strange things have been going on in B.C. since the union struggle in Trail began. A Liberal M.P. has come out publicly in favor of the Red-run union. A leading American Communist with a black patch over one eye, barred from Canada, has managed to stay at large four days in Trail. And the Canadian Congress of Labor has hotly charged that CM&S has given aid and comfort to the Communist union for the sake of a "bargain-basement contract"—a charge vigorously denied by the company.



Communist Harvey Murphy runs the Mine-Mill Union which controls 4,000 workers at Trail, including some in secret Project 9 — an atomic plant.

In the background looms the grey square tower of the company's hush-hush "Project 9" which has been producing heavy water for the U.S. since 1943. Project 9 and the great hydrogen plant with which it is linked, is set apart from the sprawling fertilizer plant and smelter works by a high picket fence, a sign that says "No Admittance Without Authority"—several uniformed guards, the RCMP, and an elaborate screening process and pass system—part of which is under FBI surveillance. But there is good reason to doubt that Project 9 has been wholly isolated from the Communists who run the Mine-Mill union.

The key men in the Trail local are Communist Party members or Party liners. One of them works as an oiler in the heavy water plant itself. He was identified to this writer as a member of the Labor Progressive Party in 1945 and was recently on the executive of his union.

Another works in the adjacent hydrogen plant as maintenance man. He is not known to be a Party member but has consistently followed the Party line and has distributed copies of the Stockholm Peace Petition within the plant itself.

The plant is vulnerable to sabotage because of the great spout storage tank close by which holds 200,000 cubic feet of highly inflammable hydrogen. Nearby is an ammonium nitrate plant, producing thousands of tons of fertilizer. It can easily be converted to munitions-making. (It was a shipload of ammonium nitrate that blew up in Texas City in 1947 destroying much of the town.)

The smelter itself would be essential to Canada in the event of war. It processes all the base metals from the great Sullivan mine at Kimberley, 200 miles away. This mine is the world's largest producer of lead and zinc and produces half of Canada's silver. The miners are also organized by the Communist-led Mine-Mill union which is organized in gold and base metal areas throughout Canada, including the International Nickel Co. at Sudbury, Ont.

The significance of the atomic developments at Trail has not escaped the Communist Party. On March 16, 1950 its west coast organ, The Pacific Tribune, said editorially: "The atomic products of Chalk River and Trail can be made to serve the interests of humanity, but only if the packets of big business within the labor movement are decisively ousted. That is why

Trail's hush-hush atomic plant has a warning sign — "No Admittance Without Authority" — uniformed guards, RCMP and an elaborate screening system partly directed by the FBI. But an avowed Communist runs the union that runs the plant

the fight of Mine-Mill is the fight of every trade unionist in Canada."

The key man in the B. C. District of the Mine-Mill union is its B. C. director, panachy, hoarse-voiced Harvey Murphy, the province's Number One Communist and one of the top Party members in Canada. He has always managed to run his District of 21 locals (of which Trail is the most important) as a one-man show. He is not an elected officer, but is appointed to the job by the parent International Union which is controlled by the Communist Party in the U. S. He edits the B. C. District union paper which consistently echoes the Party line, and he appoints the paid International union representatives who are almost always Party members or Party followers.

Murphy is a likeable, shrewd tactician with a thorough grasp of trade union principles and a dramatic oratorical style which has swung many a union meeting his way. More than one attorney has said he'd make a good corporation lawyer. He is a graduate of Moscow's Lenin Institute where Communists from many countries took special training in espionage and Party doctrine. He has a sense of humor and a liking for rye whisky and no limit poker which he plays atrociously, for, ironically, he has no poker face when it comes to cards.

He has few interests outside the union and his henchmen dislike going to movies or hockey games with him because he's apt to take his eyes off the screen or blueline at crucial moments to talk shop. He is more than normally suspicious of his fellow men, a characteristic which was illustrated in Trail one dull Sunday. Murray Cotterill of the rival Steelworkers suggested that Murphy bury the hatchet and have a drink with him to kill the boredom. Murphy agreed but when Cotterill produced a bottle he demurred, popped out of the hotel and returned with another Party member.

Drink this," he said, handing his fellow Communist the proffered glass. The man drank and showed no ill effects. After that Murphy agreed to accept the Steelworker's liquor.

Murphy has always surrounded himself with men who are amenable to suggestion from him. Some of these are Party members. Others are simply men who, without joining the Labor Progressive Party, have pretty consistently followed the LPP line. They have been associated with the various Communist "front" activities, have appeared on LPP platforms or platforms of various "front" organizations (the latest being the Canadian Peace Council) and have been favorably mentioned in the Party press.

He Wouldn't Walk the Party Line

Few men have been able to block Murphy, even temporarily, but a notable exception is a lean, gangling Saskatchewan born smelterman named Clair Billingsley. A man with little formal education but a good deal of native tenacity, he has been the principal thorn in Murphy's flesh for five years at Trail. Originally he was a strong member of the Murphy controlled union. Now he is president of the Steelworkers local which is challenging Murphy's union at Trail.

In 1946, not long after the Mine-Mill union had been organized in Trail, Murphy realized that Billingsley could be an asset to him. He was active in community work and the Red Cross and held the respect of the workers. Murphy made him a full-time International representative.

From then on, Billingsley was under constant pressure to join the Labor Progressive Party. The president of the Trail local, Fred Henne, who is no longer active in the union, was a member of the Party. So were many of the executive. Billingsley attended one International meeting in Spokane where everyone except himself was addressed as "Comrade." The union office was stacked with Communist literature and the president of the Trail LPP virtually made it his headquarters. A party caucus before each union meeting decided policy.

But Billingsley steadfastly refused to join the LPP and was finally fired. Officially, the union was cutting staff. Unofficially, Billingsley was told: "You wouldn't go down the line with us so we dumped you." Later Murphy gave the job to Fred Henne.

Billingsley set about to organize anti-Communist resistance in the Trail local. It wasn't easy. The tight Red core kept the general membership apathetic by bolstering long, bickering meetings. In spite of this Billingsley got in as president in 1947, kept working and by 1949 had cleaned the Communists out of the local executive and raised the Trail membership from less than 1,000 to 2,200.

But Murphy was still director of the parent B. C. District and the appointed officers—including Fred Henne, the new International representative at Trail—were still loyal to him. When the elected job of secretary became vacant between elections Murphy made an interim appointment of his own. Murphy's district paper attacked Billingsley and his executive. And Murphy told Billingsley: "You'll never have a union here until you have blind obedience and unquestioned discipline."

In 1949 Murphy tried to force a strike in Trail, ostensibly to gain higher wages, but actually to attempt to reinstate four Communists fired by the company for distributing reprints of a Canadian Tribune diatribe against it. An arbitration board upheld the company. The Trail local refused to strike and the men got other jobs. But the International held that they could still retain voice and vote in the union without payment of fees. Billingsley was faced with the spectacle of two dairy workers and a taxi driver attending his meetings and voting for Party resolutions.

He realized that the only way to clean house properly was to get non-Communists in control of the entire B. C. District—men who wouldn't take orders from Murphy. For two successive years the non-Communist slate at Trail and Kimberley put up their own nominees for president of the district only to have them withdraw just before election time, leaving the field to the Communists. Finally, in 1949, Billingsley decided to run for president himself. He won handily. But Murphy quickly declared the election null and void on a technicality: the Trail local was behind in its per capita payments to the International office.

A new nominating convention was called and this time the Communists put up a stronger contender in Ken Smith, the full-time secretary of the district. Smith is not believed to be a Communist but he has always followed Murphy's lead. Billingsley could not afford to stump the province but Smith—a full-time union employee—could. Billingsley won by a landslide on his home ground but in the over-all voting Smith beat him by 19 votes.

Steelmen Bolt Red Union

Six months later the Canadian Congress of Labor, parent body of Canadian industrial unions, in a general house cleaning of Red labor groups, expelled Mine-Mill. The CCL's counterpart in the U. S.—the CIO—followed suit. A three-man committee of the CIO after a long investigation, told why.

"The policies and activities of Mine-Mill are consistently directed toward the achievement of the program and purposes of the Communist Party rather than the objectives and policies set forth in the CIO constitution."

The union's paper had consistently followed every twist of the Party line since the Thirties. Sworn testimony by an ex-Party member and a union executive showed what the investigators termed "the shocking character of the direct control by the Communist Party of the leadership of the Union and through them of the Union itself." Ninety per cent of the staff of the parent U. S. union was manned by Communists or their adherents. A four-man Party steering committee consulted with the Party, from national leader William Z. Foster down, and determined union policy. And the key man the CIO found, was Maurice Travis, expelled from the Steelworkers in 1941 for Communist disruption, and now secretary-treasurer of the International union.



Maurice Travis, expelled from the anti-Red Steelworkers Union, is a key man in Mine-Mill International, bossed by U. S. Reds



Clair Billingsley's Steelworkers local signed 2,200 of Trail's 4,000 workers but the B. C. Labor Board backed Red-led rivals



Steelworkers' Billingsley and Herb Gargrove lost the first round but still fight the Reds at Trail

In January, 1950 the CCL and CIO gave the Steelworkers jurisdiction in the mining field. Billingsley and his executive decided to get out of the Communist-run union and stay in the CCL by joining the Steelworkers. In a surprise move he and his executive and almost all the shop stewards—86 in all—bolted the union, joined the newly formed Steelworkers local, and took a full page ad in the Trail Times to tell about it.

Now the fight was on. Murphy flew in from Vancouver called a meeting and got a new executive functioning. Top Steelworkers organizers flew in from Toronto. Organizers for both unions met shift trains on the hill brandishing membership cards—blue for Steel, yellow for Mine-Mill. The new Steel union signed up 500 men in the first 24 hours. Herb Gargrave, the Steelworkers organizer for Trail, locked the cards in a bank vault to forestall raids by the rival union. Both unions began to buy radio time and newspaper space. Trucks with loud-speakers patrolled the streets. Rival pamphlets flooded the town.

Murphy had two arguments. First, he said his union had been martyred by the CCL because it had refused to go along with the CCF party which the national body supports. Secondly, Mine-Mill was the only one legally empowered to bargain for wages with the company and contract time was coming up.

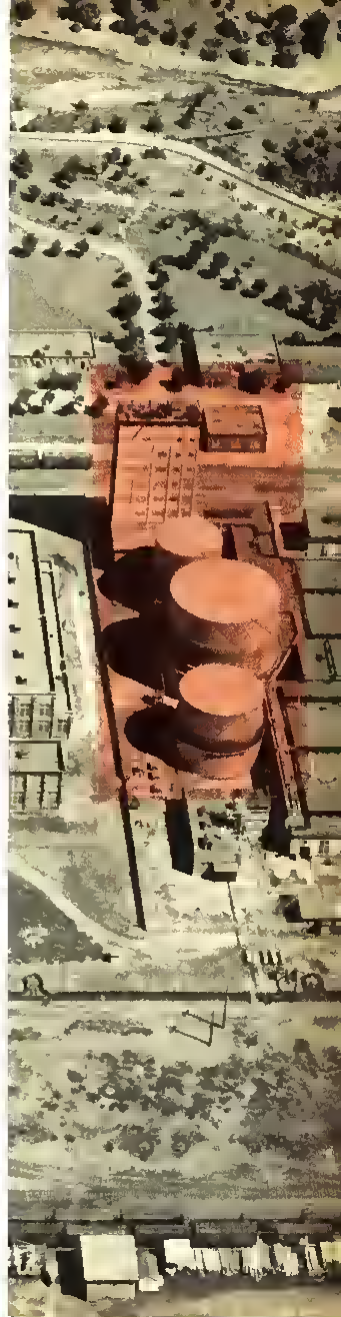
That month—February, 1950—the Mine-Mill union held its annual Canadian wage policy conference in Trail. Forty prominent members from across Canada, many of them Communists or Party liners, poured into the smelter town. Murphy tried to import a group from Tacoma, but they were stopped at the border. The Steelworkers on their side had a gang in Spokane to move in if there was trouble. Beckie Buhay, Educational Director of the Communist Party in Canada and one of the 10 top Party members, arrived in town and began working on pamphlets.

The Steelworkers stayed at the Crown Point hotel, the Mine-Mill men at the Douglas. Several tall young men in sports jackets and flannels arrived and were instantly identified as members of the RCMP. The Steelworkers stayed close to their room for fear of provoking a clash, making only one foray a day—to the liquor store for provisions. One brawny Steelworker invaded Murphy's headquarters, grabbed him by the coat lapels and promised to toss him out the window if any Steelworkers got mauled, as they had in Sudbury where a similar dispute is in progress. But there was little trouble.

Now a fantastic thing occurred. Maurice Travis, the top Communist in the International Mine-Mill union, suddenly arrived in Trail from the United States to help plan strategy. Travis, permanently barred from entry into Canada, is not exactly unobtrusive. He is a huge man over six feet and weighs around 250 pounds. He has a shock of black hair and a patch over one eye which was kicked out in a fight with Steelworkers in Bessemer, Ala. He was traveling with an equally burly bodyguard. In spite of that, he was able to cross the border undetected and stay at the Douglas Hotel in Trail for four days. A camera fan he had been spotted by a Steelworker when he stepped out of his compartment on the train to photograph the mountains. The Mounties found him in conference with Murphy and other union heads in the hotel room and escorted him to the border but laid no charges against him for illegal entry.

Within one month of their arrival in Trail, the Steelworkers had persuaded 2,200 men out of 4,000 to sign application forms—a Canadian labor record for speed. To make sure of their members, they had them perform three distinct acts: first, sign a membership application and get it witnessed; second, sign an authorization for the company to check off union dues from their paychecks; third, if they had been in the other union, to sign a form authorizing the company to cancel checkoff of dues to Mine-Mill. On

Continued on page 57



Even the FBI keeps an eye on atom Project 9 but Red-run unionists work inside the plant



Selling medicine, Princess Jane gave advice on love and life

Jane Gray:
RADIO'S FIRST LADY

When Canada's first woman broadcaster goes on the air with up-to-the-minute heartaches and back-fence gossip, few listeners can resist her appeals to help the homeless, fight a flood or buy an unwanted gnat. Jane Gray, who was once told she was too old for modern radio, is still raising a rich cash crop of old-fashioned corn

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

GOOD MORNING, good human beings everywhere."

The staid, blue-eyed, grey-haired woman perches on the edge of her chair, plump elbows inch deep in a chaos of script paper, stenographers' notebooks, magazines and mail opened and unopened. She lisps her cheery greeting in a soft English accent. She appears vaguely baffled as to what she'll do next. A lushly pinned bird bobs on her giddy hat as though it is alive. A red-haired young man beseeches the radio-control room with frantic gestures for background organ music. Jane Gray is on the air again for her hour of trivia, poetry, homely wisdom, unfinished sentences, quixotic gestures and casual advertising.

Jane Gray has been at broadcasting from the time studios looked like funeral parlors, dim and dusty and draped with dark-colored velours, and people who shouted at the chimney, squeaky mikes were considered a little queer. First woman in Canada to broadcast, she was also the first to put on the air a play, a soap serial and a Sunday school. She has scorned accepted broadcasting practices along with scripts, and ad libbed her way through programs ranging from etiquette and neighborly advice to advertising—with numerology and horoscopes—a laxative with an Indian name.

She started in radio 26 years ago and now at 54 she maintains a crisp pace of two hour-long broadcasts a day over Hamilton station CHML, gets paid $12,000 a year, stands high in popularity rating (44% on the Elliott Haynes list; the Happy Gang is 47%), receives from 75 to 150 letters a day from listeners and will sponsor any cause that touches her soft heart.

She has a tremendous endorsement appeal. Many radio people insist nobody in his right mind would hire her, but the boss of CHML, Ken Soble, wouldn't think of sacking her. She is a complete anachronism in a field she helped to develop but which grew beyond her. Much of the story of Canadian radio itself lies in her own roundabout pioneering career which spices her every program.

Recently she turned up at her cluttered tiny office 30 seconds before she was to go on the air. There was a phone message waiting for her. While her announcer harassed young George Wilson pleaded with her—"Come on, Jane, we're on the air, come now"—she answered the call. A faithful listener was reporting that a family had been burned out of its home. Jane immediately put in a call to the destitute people.

As she shot in questions she reached into a bulging wastebasket for a torn envelope, scribbled a few words on it, then picked up a stack of unopened letters, notebooks describing her sponsors' products, a parcel she had received by mail, a book of poetry, cigarettes and a broken pair of glasses (she'd sat on them) and made the studio in time to come in neatly and unflustered on top of George's station and program identification.

"Good human beings—friends—everywhere," said Jane. "I'm going to make an urgent appeal. I was up at 4 a.m. this morning. I was facing a busy day so I wanted an early start—and that's how I happened to hear the fire sirens. So now, friends, listen very carefully, take out your pads and pencils, friends. I came in by bus from my Shangri-la in Burlington and right on the highway at Aldershot I saw this smoking ruin with only a charred bed left standing. Now, friends, I find that in this little family of four the two little children were left with nothing but their sleepers. This little family, friends, has nothing left but one another and their faith in God."



She once sold horoscopes for a dime but now gets $12,000 a year at Hamilton station CHML. She sometimes scolds her sponsors if their products don't please.



Listeners sent flowers when she told of Margaret Green's long illness. Visit by Jane and announcer George Wilson helped the Hamilton child recover.



Letters, wastepaper and poetry books litter Jane's desk. But no radio scripts. She ad libs her programs.

Her eyes filled as she went on to give closer description of the disaster. The scratches on the torn envelope turned out to be clothing sizes for the family, and the phone number of the house where they had found temporary shelter. Her 10 sponsors got scant mention that broadcast. If they were listening they knew they were expected to help too.

Before the Jane Gray Show was over 10 calls had come in to the station switchboard, and the destitute family had received another 10. In two days the family was living in a rent-free house. Jane Gray listeners had turned up with supplies including soap and linen, canned goods, furniture and clothing, a high chair for the baby and overalls for the father. Nobody at the station was surprised. A fellow worker said: "If Jane asked the woman of Hamilton to jump into the Bay I think they would."

Every week there are causes to sponsor. When an English war bride, suffering from cancer, wrote that all she wanted was to get home to die, Jane's broadcast sparked a movement which took the woman and her three children back to England, loaded with gifts. Her ultimate death was duly reported to the helpful listeners.

An Italian fruit farmer living near Hamilton, wrote that he was very lonely and couldn't find his brother who had come to Canada 10 years earlier. Jane broadcast his problem, her listeners turned detective, tracked down the farmer's relatives and a week later he was on the air with Jane, gratefully reporting: "Last week I was all alone. Today I have a large family."

One day Jane told her listeners: "Little old lady called me today; she's got cancer and she is very lonely, friends, and she hasn't got a winter coat." So the little old lady found herself with a fine coat, sacks of chickens, cash and dozens of greeting cards.

A small girl, Margaret Green, was suffering from rheumatic fever and had lost interest in everything. Jane not only spoke of the child on the air but she and announcer George Wilson visited her. When little Margaret's doctor reported that she appeared more alert after that visit, Jane and George became regular callers and the house filled with "get well" cards from Jane's listeners.

A colored charwoman from Brantford was dying in the Hamilton cancer clinic when Jane heard of her. She paid her a visit and found a lonely, friendless woman. Her one wish was to take her last mess at her own familiar chapel in Brantford. Jane Gray reported this to her audience. Transportation was arranged and 25 bouquets of flowers and 150 cards came from Jane's "friends" to brighten the elderly woman's last days.

This mass participation in everyday tragedies is lightened by Jane's rather breathless recitals of her own joys and troubles. One day on the air she told her announcer that on the bus that morning on open match folder in her purse had burst into flames.

"What did you do, Jane?" George gasped.

"I put the fire out," Jane said, "—with my cheese sandwich." She turned to the mike as though it was one of her listening housewives and said apologetically: "I just happened to have a cheese sandwich with me for a snack when I got tired."

She'll also tell her radio audience of lost watches, identification bracelets, cocker spaniel pups ("I'm always very sad, friends, when I have to speak of a poor little puppy lost, for I know of the heartache behind this") and rooms to rent. She tries to sell a man's tuxedo, an apartment-sized piano, medium-sized Quebec heater or two goats. She'll report that a nice woman is looking for a position as a lady's companion, and that three coats extra came in for a coatless blind lady ("Are there three more blind ladies needing winter coats?"). This is an impromptu free service her listeners use constantly.

She'll report on the meeting of the Hamilton Roller Canary Club, hold a "Help Your Neighbor Day," introduce over the air anyone who happens to pop into the studio (mailing messenger girls, and recite or make George Wilson recite poetry.

She doesn't hesitate to take an active part in the various projects she sponsors. After calling her listeners' attention

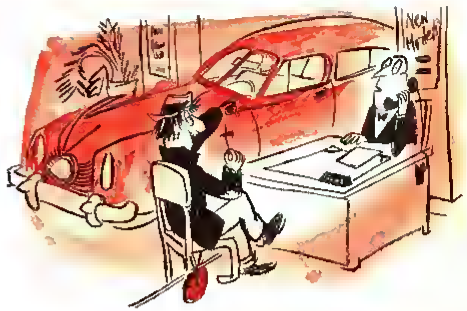
Continued on page 47

How Good Is Your Credit?

When you promise to pay tomorrow for the car or fur coat you buy today one of Canada's 74 credit bureaus is usually asked to dig out a file with your name on it. It tells such things as how you act toward your debts, your job and if you're happily married







By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

CARTOONS BY PETER WHALLEY

LAST WINTER a Montreal family moved to Vancouver and applied at a store there for a charge account. The request was refused.

"We can't open a 'charge' for you at the time," the credit manager told the man of the house. "We can offer you a revolving account, with a limit of $100 on which you can pay each month. Of course, there will be a carrying charge."

The customer protested that he preferred a regular charge account without interest—like he had in Montreal.

"I'll be frank with you," the manager said. "You were considered 'slow pay' in your charge accounts back East. At one time, too, you owed several months back rent. And in 1940 a finance company repossessed your car for late payments."

The customer stared at the credit manager. "What else do you know about me?" he asked.

Actually, the credit manager knew, or could find out in a matter of days, how many times in the past 10 years this man from thousands of miles away had changed his job, his residence or his wife, whether he had ever been arrested, the approximate total of his wealth or indebtedness, whether he had ever defaulted on an installment purchase, and his general reputation.

The store at which the new customer applied for credit belongs to a bureau in which most of the merchants, finance companies, banks and fuel companies in that city pool their information about everyone who ever bought on credit or borrowed money. In turn, that local credit bureau is associated with 73 similar bureaus in every Canadian city from Halifax to Victoria. The result is a husky chain of information about the financial record, and a good deal about the personal background, of almost every Canadian family. In fact, the credit bureaus probably possess more detailed information about more people than any other non-Government agency in the country.

If you've ever had a charge account, bought on installment or arranged for credit to fill your coal bin, it's almost a sure bet that your record is on file with a credit bureau in your town. The Credit Bureau of Greater Toronto has files on 800,000 people, 500,000 of them active credit customers in the city and its environs. Since the entire population of the area is 1,300,000, obviously just about every family is on the list.

Most people at some time have participated in some type of credit transaction. About 45% of all merchandise sold today is on credit and the average Canadian family currently carries about $500 worth of debts in the form of charge accounts, installment purchases, fuel and other unpaid bills.

Furthermore, if you've lived in more than one town, your financial habits likely are on record in each place.

The main purpose of this wide-probing index of course is to help merchants decide if you're a good risk. But more and more employers are now calling on credit bureaus for information on the personal character and background of job applicants—how they get along with previous employers, their education and ways with money. An accountant applying for a job was startled recently to find that the personnel manager interviewing him even knew about the ailment which had kept him out of the Army 10 years ago.

The bureaus sometimes are used to help locate missing persons. Merchants and professional men often call on them to help collect unpaid bills.

But no one else can buy a report on you from the close-mouthed men who manage Canada's credit bureaus. The ethics of their profession require strict secrecy about your financial condition to anyone except the people who normally extend credit in their business—merchants, doctors, insurance companies, hospitals.

Canadian credit and finance agencies run their business on a highly confidential basis. For example, Canada's banks are traditionally reluctant to discuss their clients' affairs. In the United States, by contrast, even newspapers can often find out from a bank the size of a man's account.

The chief source of intimate details about your financial record is the merchants themselves. In many cities the bureaus are co-operative enterprises owned by the merchants. Others are privately owned and simply sell a service to the merchants. In some cases members pay an annual fee, in others a fee for each query. Merchants in many cases have an agreement to keep the bureaus posted on credit experiences with their customers. Even in cities where there's no such agreement the merchants provide the bureaus with credit information on request. In cities where there are credit bureaus all except the smallest businesses usually belong to them.

Another source of information is the banks. More people give a bank as reference when they're buying on credit than any other contact. What the banks tell bureaus varies according to their policy: some won't yield any information or simply say their experience with you has been good or bad. Others may give a clue to the size of your account—say, a "high three figures" ($750-$900) or a "low four" ($1,100-$1,300).

Most landlords will tell the bureau how much rent you pay and how promptly. Your employer is another source. He may be asked how long you've worked for him, your salary, and so on. The personnel or payroll department answers the query without a second thought, since almost everyone in the firm, including the boss himself, usually has been checked at some time or other in the same way.

Most credit bureaus claim they interview a man's neighbors only if they can't get their information from regular sources. The aim in that case, they say, is to "identify" a family which hasn't appeared before on their files—how long it has lived in the district and where it lived before. The bureaus say they try to handle these interviews carefully, without giving away the fact that your shiny new refrigerator is being paid for by the week.

The bureaus also scan newspapers and court records for items which may affect credit. Bankruptcies, arrests, marital troubles—all furnish data for these omniscient files.

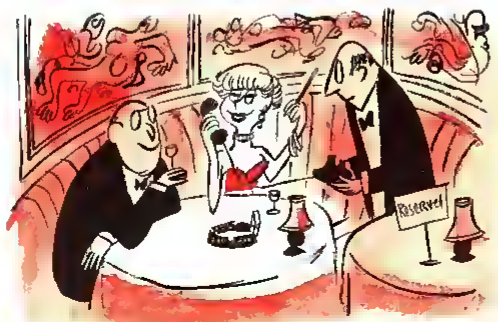
But the credit bureau never actually decides whether you get credit. It's up to the merchant or bank to say whether the information provided by the bureau makes you a sound risk. Some merchants may be more lenient than others. And those who are strict aren't necessarily crusty old codgers; they may be trying to keep down operating expenses, and consequently the prices they charge you. Credit men will tell you that easy credit isn't necessarily cheap credit.

In making up a report credit men are apt to study you on the basis of three C's:

Character—your record *Continued on page 45*

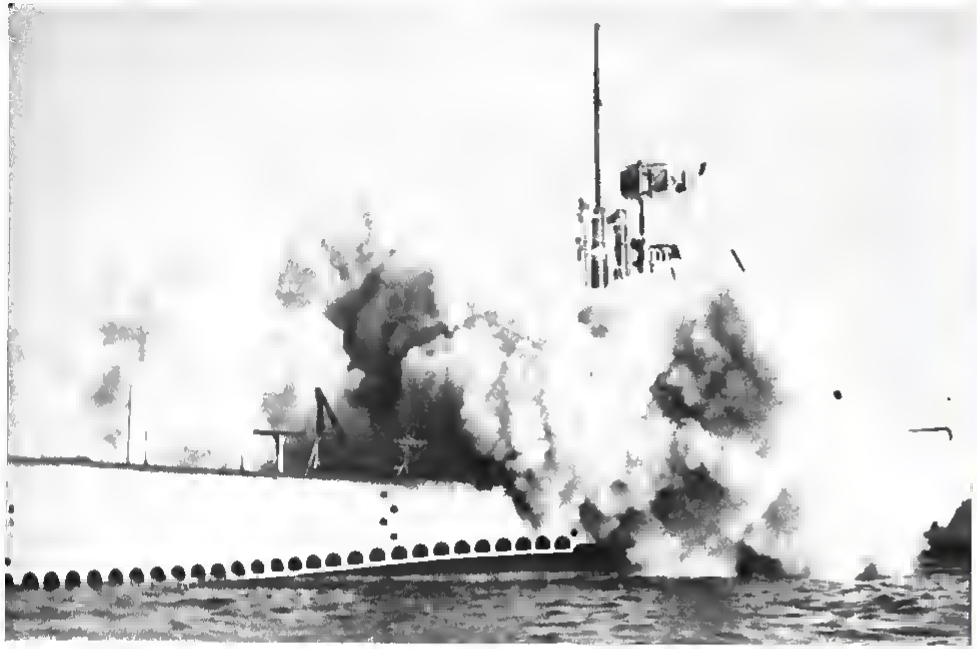


Peter Whalley had fun tossing cartoon teasers at the credit bureaus, but in reality they treat your affairs as confidential and actually assist you in getting your credit.









USS Carbonero launches a "loon" (modified buzz-bomb) in tests off Hawaii. Russia is believed to have 400 subs, many of most modern long-range type

THE RUSSIAN SUBS ON OUR COASTLINE

HMS Trespasser shows its snorkel, the breathing tube which allows it to stay under for months



EXCLUSIVE:

Our Navy knows now that Russian submarines scouted Canada's east coast last summer — INSIDE OUR THREE-MILE LIMIT AND UNDETECTED. And it knows that new high-speed subs could deliver troops, planes, guided missiles and maybe atom bombs for a sneak attack more sudden than Pearl Harbor. Can we prepare our defenses in time?

By GERALD ANGLIN

LAST SUMMER reports of strange submarines sighted off Canada's east coast—in the Bay of Fundy, off Cape Breton, in Newfoundland's White Bay and on the Grand Banks—created a rash of newspaper headlines across the country. One such sighting was later explained by the passage of a Royal Navy submarine, but in all other instances the presence of friendly undersea craft was officially denied.

Newspapers speculated that the prowlers were Russian, but this the Navy declined to confirm. The Toronto Star in a report from its Ottawa bureau said that after sifting the evidence Navy Headquarters had decided the submarine rumors were without foundation.

This consoling dispatch was decidedly premature. Even as the headlines patered out an alert young naval intelligence officer, veteran of three years' war service in British submarines, was patiently interrogating east coast sub-spotters. The RCAF assigned a floatplane to fly the Navy man up and down the Labrador coast, tracing further reports and rumors. Back at headquarters in Ottawa the "sub-scare" file bulged two inches thick, bound between red-bordered covers labeled SECRET.

I was permitted to read portions of the red-bordered file. I talked with the young intelligence officer and studied other reports from the east coast.

For political and diplomatic reasons the Navy still refuses to say officially what the Navy most certainly believes. For there is not the slightest doubt that one or more Russian submarines carried out a careful reconnaissance of Canada's eastern approaches, penetrating well into the Bay of Fundy and well within our three-mile territorial limit.

One foggy day in July last year, not far outside Chance Harbor near Saint John, N.B., 13-year-old Barry Crawford was rowing a skiff while his uncle, George Tiner, tried to haul a lobster pot into the boat. Suddenly Barry pointed and cried: "What's that long grey thing over there?"

Tiner had already heard the rumble of Diesel engines and, as the fog lifted, he saw the "grey thing" take shape.

"It was a sub," he told the Navy investigator flatly and when he was shown silhouette drawings of three different types of submarine he pointed unhesitatingly to one picture and added: "like that." The Navy does not say that Tiner saw a Russian submarine but it has announced that no British or American subs were in the area at that time.

Tiner said the sub was dead ahead of his skiff but altered course 15 degrees to pass 200 yards off his port bow. A patch of fog obscured his view for 30 seconds and when he caught sight of the sub again it had submerged until only three feet of conning tower and the periscope remained in sight. For perhaps a quarter mile he followed it until only the periscope showed, and then this, too, vanished.

Two further facts make this far more serious than it sounds. The first is that Canada's maritime defense forces didn't know we had unexpected visitors until the Fundy lobstermen notified the RCMP; he had encountered a sub in the fog. (There are understood to have been about eight "confirmed" sub sightings out of 25 or more reports.) The second is the little-realized striking power of modern enemy submarines should they arrive thus undetected and bent on delivering a Pearl Harbor punch at the coastal cities of North America.

Many Canadians who worry about Russian planes atom-bombing our cities just shrugged off last summer's "sub scare." Yet it is quite within the sober realm of possibility for a submarine flotilla to land guided missiles 80 or 100 miles into Halifax, New York, Vancouver or San Francisco and for those missiles to be fitted with atomic warheads.



Big transport submarines could cruise 3,500 miles from the Baltic to Canada's east coast without ever coming to the surface. Each could dispatch 100 shock troops in amphibious landing craft to make commando raids on vital port facilities and industries. Slipping back beneath the surface, the U-boats that brought them could support their landing with rockets fired from beneath the sea.

From one type of carrier sub, small planes could be catapulted to provide aerial reconnaissance and, from another two or three midget submarines could be launched to sneak right into our harbors. Special mine-laying subs—Russia has a new model—could plant deadly pressure mines in harbor approaches, while packs of killer subs waited offshore to torpedo merchantmen and warships. The entire operation could be directed from a command post five fathoms down in a picket sub whose periscope and special radio and radar antennae would just clear the waves.

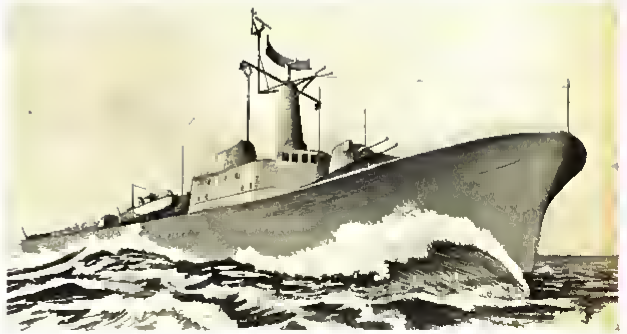
All these modern offspring of the old-fashioned pigboat, 1917 nickname for the German U-boat—could be refueled and restocked with food and ammunition by still other submarines. And the clumsy but capacious "cows" could, if necessary, transfer their vital stores to the front-line subs entirely under water.

Submarines have actually done all of these things except fit atomic warheads to their guided missiles. The United States submarine Carbonero and a sister ship have conducted extensive trials, launching "loons"—a modified German V-1 or buzz-bomb which can travel 80 to 150 miles. It is debatable whether a missile this size (the V-1 had only an 1,800-pound warhead) can accommodate even one of the "scaled down" atomic bombs of which there have lately been reports. But the U.S. Navy has revealed that it is developing other "powerful guided missiles designed to make full use of the potential stealth and mobility of submarines as launching bases." Also if a B-29 Superfortress could fly an atomic bomb to Hiroshima, a 2,000 or 4,000-ton submarine (the Japs had one larger) as long as a football field is big enough to carry a delayed-action A-bomb to be laid like an egg in an unguarded harbor.

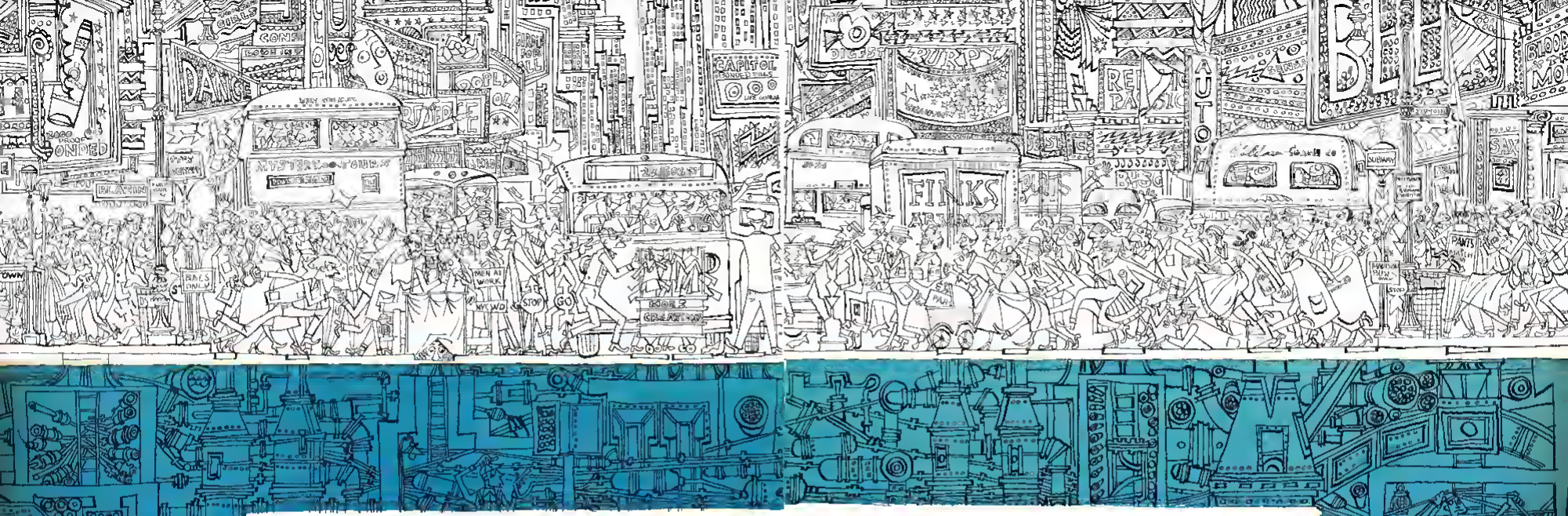
How alert are our defense forces to the menace of the modern submarine?

The RCN has always been an anti-submarine navy and its men are never permitted to forget their prime adversary. In their magazine, the Crowsnest, they are read a stern warning from Modern Arms and Free Men, by atomic scientist Vannevar Bush: "We have twice entered war while underestimating the power of the submarine, and twice the outcome has been in doubt. We must not do it again." They are often reminded of Churchill's confession: "The only thing that ever really frightened me during the war was the U-boat peril."

Continued on page 54



This drawing shows the type of sub killer Canada is building now. RCN is aware of the danger



YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DON'T LIVE IN NEW YORK

Manhattan's still a wonderful place to visit but read what it's like to live there. A New Yorker shows you the litter behind the glitter and the glamour that turns out to be only clamor

By HARRY HENDERSON

DRAWING BY HAROLD TOWN

THIS metropolis, famous for its skyline, night clubs and celebrities is the world's richest and most glamorous city. Generations of writers and countless Hollywood movies have built up such an alluring and exciting picture of it that the average American, and some Canadians, think of it as a high speed dream city where everything is done better, faster and more easily than in their own home-towns.

Native New Yorkers add to the snob appeal with their condescending habits. Let a waiter be a bit slow . . . a cop make a mistake . . . a store fail to have some obscure item . . . a movie be two months old and our visiting New Yorker will tell you such things are handled so much better in New York.

But the truth is that while New York City can be wonderful for anyone on a short shopping or playgoing spree it is an inconvenient, dirty, dangerous and inhuman place to live. Many of its 8,161,000 citizens have had this brought home to them painfully, personally, and daily.

Every problem that city living brings is multiplied in New York to such an extent that it becomes almost unmanageable, unbearable and sometimes nearly catastrophic.

For example: the steel shoe on a Queens-bound subway train, which picks up power from the third rail, buckled recently in the tunnel under the East River. This created a short circuit, cut off the motors and left thousands of home-going workers stranded in the dark tunnel. But that was only the beginning.

The trains running under the East River at 5 p.m.—when the accident occurred—are 90 seconds behind each other. Thus two more trains had already left the last Manhattan station and entered the river tunnel when the power was cut off. The welding of the shoe by the terrific current made it impossible to turn the power back on without endangering everyone, this in turn made it impossible to back the trains out of the tunnel.

There was no panic among the trains' 10,000 passengers. Everyone sat where he was until train crews could help him down onto the tracks. Then guided by emergency lanterns, stumbling over the ties, the frustrated travelers were led out of the grimy tunnel and back to the last station.

The complete blockage of a major route to Queens and the dispersal of the crowd—equivalent to the population of a small city—threw nearly 100,000 other New Yorkers off their schedules. All other subway and bus lines to Queens were swamped and telephone booths in the area were jammed for hours with people calling home to explain their delay.

This accident is typical of New York's mechanized life. No one was killed. Only three heart cases required hospitalization. But 10,000 citizens were subjected to a nerve-racking, clothes-ruining and uncomfortable experience; another 100,000 were delayed and annoyed. The fact that a simple mechanical breakdown can upset a huge group of people is what generates New York's feverish anxiety and makes life there increasingly difficult.

The city's widely

Continued on page 74



a Soldier and a Girl called Honey, he repaid a Memory. That night became







another sort of

Anniversary



BY JOHN RHODES STURDY

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

THE intermittent clack-clack of the telegraph key and the muffled roar of a hot fire in the stove at the back of the room were the only sounds in the station office. It was warm in here, but outside the deserted platform looked wet and cold and lonely. A few snowflakes drifted across the face of the window through which Morton was gazing, and a white light over the exterior of the door made them gleam as they fell.

The operator-boy said: "The troop train is out of Hazelton."

Morton dug into his thick clothing and produced a watch. It was 11:10 p.m. or 23:10 railroad time.

Behind him a telephone rang, and then Phipps, the station agent, said: "It's for you, Mr. Morton."

He walked to the wall phone and he knew it would be Martha before he took hold of the receiver.

"Any hope, Bill?" she asked.

She meant, when are you going to get home, and he said: "The troop train's past Hazelton. That means she'll be here in about 10 minutes. Give me half an hour or so. How's the party going?"

He could hear jumbled sounds behind her voice and someone singing. "Fine. The guests are loving it. But when we have a wedding anniversary party, I like to have my husband around. You were only here for the beginning."

"I'll be back," he said.

She laughed. "I'm just teasing, Bill. Come home when the job is done. How about the Vice-President? Isn't he going through to the east tonight?"

"He'll be fast asleep. He's on No. 12. Don't worry, the army may keep me away from a party, but not a ." He realized that Phipps was standing nearby and added: "I'll be there as soon as I can."

When he hung up, the station agent had poured him a cup of coffee from a big pot on the stove, and he took it with a nod and a "thanks."

"Wet night, Mr. Morton," Phipps said. "There's a lot of snow west of here." He hesitated. "I guess you don't mind if I offer congratulations on your anniversary."

"I don't mind, Jimmy, I like it. And thanks."

PHIPPS, who had been with the railroad for 32 years, liked the rugged, grey-haired man who was sipping the hot coffee. Here in the high country, rimmed in by the great mountains, railroading was a tough and dangerous business, and it made things just a little easier if you had a divisional superintendent like Bill Morton.

Phipps turned to look over the operator's shoulder at the window. "Well, she ought to be pulling in pretty soon now. Kinda shakes you, don't it, to see the troopers rolling again?"

Yes, thought Morton, it shakes you.

They heard westbound Extra 3555 whistle for Sunsets Creek, the sound distant and lonely in the dark night—and Morton pulled up the heavy collar of his overcoat and with Phipps behind him opened the door and walked out on the wet platform.

To the left, across the tracks, he could see the lights of the town, and he knew that somewhere among them were the lights of his own home. There were only a few people at the party he had been obliged to leave, close friends like Henry White, the bank manager, and his wife, Louise, and Alma and Ralph Hedges. . . .

The wet, gleaming tracks alongside the platform began to hum, and with startling abruptness the huge headlight of Extra 3555 stabbed at the darkness down the right of way and bathed the station in its gleam. The giant mountain-type locomotive, black and glistening, shot past. Morton as the engineer leaned from the window of his high cab and waved a greeting, and now the train was braking to a stop. Clouds of half-frozen steam swept over the platform in a thick fog, and for a moment Morton turned his head away.

The curtained windows of the cars gave out no light, and the long train looked dark and dismal as it stood before the station. From somewhere a conductor appeared out of the fog of steam, rubbing his cold hands and nodding an greeting to Morton.

"Everything's in order," the conductor said. "We've got a lot of tired boys aboard. They're all bedded down for the night." He looked at Phipps. "What's the word on No. 12?"

Phipps said: "No change in orders. You'll make the meet at Mileage 42. He'll be there ahead of you and take the passing track. Like some coffee?"

Sure would. Nice to see you, Mr. Morton."

Morton nodded as the two men entered the station. He walked to the head-end and

Continued on page 50

I LEARNED TO LIVE WITH DIABETES



Going out Eleanor Burrell slips syringe and insulin in her purse. After 13 years, injections don't bother her

At first her trials and errors made her life a daily torture. She lied to get her first job and feared she would never marry. Once, screaming in a theatre, she thought she'd gone mad. Now, like thousands, she thanks modern insulin treatment for "a regulated life, but a good life"

By ELEANOR BURRELL as told to TED SANDERSON

Photos by Page Telas

DURING the Christmas rush of 1938, when I was 18 years old, I was clerking in a store on Toronto's Bloor Street. A woman customer asked about some goods and I said we didn't have them.

"But how do you know? You haven't looked."

"I handle this stock and I know we haven't," I said.

"Is that what they call service here?" she shouted indignantly. "I'll see that your manager hears about this."

I screamed. "I don't care! I don't care! I'm going crazy!" And I slumped to the floor.

I wasn't going crazy—my trouble was diabetes. Because I was not experienced with the disease I often had what is known as insulin shock. At the moment I was experiencing the worst shock I have known in 13 years as a diabetic.

They thought I had fainted as they carried me upstairs to a couch and telephoned my mother. She telephoned my doctor and he sent another doctor who was closer to the store. My mother and father came too.

I was semiconscious. I remember being forced to drink corn syrup and hot water and I began to come around. Then I saw that strange doctor. I was terrified.

I jumped off the couch and ran downstairs to the street. I dashed across Bloor Street ignoring blasting horns, and plunged into a theatre. When they caught me I was in the front row of the balcony, screaming at the top of my voice.

It was horrible but I know now what caused it—a combination of the way I was taking my insulin and the fact I was delayed in getting out for lunch. The result was insulin shock and an emotional storm.

I have learned in 13 years that having diabetes does not need to mean the end of happy living. I am married and I hold a good secretarial job. I dance and play much as normal people do. Twice I weigh and measure my food carefully. I can't take an extra piece of bread or pie no matter how I crave it. I must inject exact quantities of insulin into my flesh each day at specified times. I must guard against colds, infection and cuts. I must get normal rest.

I live a regulated life but it's a good life.

I was 18 and still going to school when my parents first decided something was wrong with me. I had a ravenous appetite. I would eat three times as much as my father. After eating I would drink six or seven glasses of water. Nothing seemed to quench my thirst. Then an hour later I would be starved for food.

Once I Dreaded Sympathy

It all started quite suddenly. In about a week my weight dropped from 115 pounds to 103. My mother could hardly wake me up for school in the morning even though I went to bed at 8:30 in the evening. At school I was always sleepy and dopey.

We had always been a healthy family and we had no regular doctor. One night my parents sent me to see a doctor near our home. After examining me the doctor said I had better return the next night with my parents.

He told them: 'Your daughter has diabetes so badly that I don't know how she is alive."

My parents couldn't believe him at first. My father thought diabetes was an old person's disease. My mother didn't know anything about it. I guess I was too young to realize what it might mean, but I was frightened.

The doctor said he didn't know how to treat the disease and recommended a certain specialist who took over my case.

I soon learned that my diabetes, like anyone else's, was not caused by a germ, virus or injury. It was just that a gland called the pancreas had stopped normal production of natural insulin—necessary for the normal transfer of sugar into energy for the body. Without insulin the sugar merely accumulates in the body while muscle is broken down in a wasteful effort by the body to get energy. The diabetic therefore feels weak and loses weight.

The whole core in diabetes treatment is to keep the blood sugar within normal limits. To do this an exact amount of food must be balanced by an exact amount of insulin. If too much insulin is given or not enough food eaten, then insulin shock may result—with unconsciousness. If not enough insulin is given or the diet is broken frequently, the blood sugar rises and after a few days of severe diabetic symptoms the victim goes into a coma. This requires careful treatment with large amounts of insulin or it may be fatal.

When I first went to the specialist my blood sugar count was 427 compared with a normal 80 to 120. A diabetic likes to see his blood test normal because it shows everything is working properly.

Insulin is obtained from the pancreas of animals slaughtered for meat. To balance the food diet, insulin must be injected in concrete amounts and at precise times, otherwise insulin shock may result. I didn't start to take insulin until several months after I learned I had diabetes. If I could remember all that was tried in those first few months it would only confuse anyone not familiar with the treatment, but I knew now that I owe my life to insulin.

I cried and was often hysterical when I first had to take insulin. My needles were far from perfect and jabbing them into my arm, leg or stomach flesh twice a day was no fun. The insulin itself stung like a thousand bees and raised lumps. I had to keep finding new places to jab.

Modern insulin does not sting or raise lumps and the needles I use now are as fine they don't even leave a mark.

I dreaded insulin and hated diet restrictions. I was afraid people would learn I was a diabetic. Above all, I dreaded sympathy. Now none of those things bothers me.

As a child at school I had to eat an apple at 10:30 every morning and at 3 in the afternoon to prevent insulin shock. I had some degree of shock every day and I grew to hate it. With modern insulin treatment I don't have to eat between meals now.

When I went out I usually had to eat candy I always carried to prevent early signs of insulin shock. I still carry the candy but my diabetes is so well controlled that I rarely have the signs that require me to eat it.

I had to fight against sympathizing with myself. If I kept in mind that I was a diabetic and compared myself with people who do not live by rigid rules—that would mean worry. Worry and anger are like poisons to a diabetic. Strong emotions upset the actions of glands already disrupted by the disease. So I tried to follow the rules set for me and keep my secret—and not worry.

I take two kinds of insulin. One, Insulin Toronto, acts within a few hours. The other, Protamine Zinc, has a delayed action. Each must be accurately measured in its own special syringe. Before I learned better ways I used to take my full day's quota of both about 20 to 30 minutes before breakfast each morning.

The Insulin Toronto was supposed to look after sugar in my noon lunch and evening dinner. The Protamine Zinc would become effective for a night lunch and breakfast the next morning. The trouble was that I could never be sure how fast the Insulin Toronto would take effect. That day in the store it started before I could get lunch.

Sometimes insulin shock would strike without warning. Once I was looking in a store window on Yonge Street when suddenly I fell in a heap. I was carried into the store. Fortunately one of the clerks had a diabetic sister. She thought she recognized my symptoms so she sent someone for orange juice and poured it into me. She may have saved my life.

A Million Unsuspecting Diabetics

I no longer fear that sort of accident. Present methods make it easier to prevent them. For one thing I now take only half of my allotment of Insulin Toronto in the morning. I take the other half just before dinner. Even when I do not go home for dinner I can always find a place sufficiently private to take my evening shot. I have a special syringe which carries easily in my purse.

My freedom to travel abroad has been aided also by a compact tester which enables me to test my sugar content at any time. It quickly tells me if any feeling of shock is caused by too much insulin or sugar, or if it is just a weak spell from some other cause.

Mental attitude was probably the most difficult and the most important thing I had to correct. I was afraid to let anyone know that I was diabetic. Do you think I would tell my employer and have him watch me for every little letdown that would not be noticed in an ordinary person? I had to get my first job. I had a medical examination and I passed it 100%! When I told my doctor he laughed.

But it's different now. Employers have learned that diabetics often are more reliable than so-called normal people. We know we have a handicap and are more determined to give service. We know a cold can be serious so we take every precaution not to catch cold. We know that lack of rest makes anyone more liable to physical disorders so we make sure of getting proper rest. I sleep about eight hours a night. Alcohol in any form is not recommended for us so we always keep fresh for the job.

One thing a diabetic needs with a job is a place to eat lunch. Restaurants are out as a regular thing. It is almost impossible to judge the starch and sugar content of restaurant food. I carry a measured lunch from home. A diabetic needs a place equipped with a grill and other conveniences such as our office and many others have.

Diet is extremely important to a diabetic. I have read that there are probably a million unknown diabetics on this continent and if they could be found and treated quickly most of them might never require more than minor dietary regulation.

Those who do take insulin vary in the amount and timing of it, and in diet. But each must stick to a prescribed dose of insulin and a set number of calories per day. Some think they can take an extra shot of insulin to make up for an indiscreet piece of pie. My doctor says they can die that way and I believe him.

Don't think that we're starved. We are allowed a variety of food in nourishing quantities. Time has taught me to judge foods accurately. I don't have to carry scales now when I go out. I have learned to select from

Continued on page 40



A daytime secretary she shares the housework with her husband and studies sewing at night school. She enjoys dancing but shoes hurt her.



Regular sleep is important and Eleanor always gets eight hours. She is careful with her shoes because a blister could cause a serious infection.



In some cities special shops sell supplies and foods for diabetics. Eleanor pays $1 a week for lunches and her chocolate bars cost 45 cents.



Calories must be counted closely and she avoids diet wrecking gravies and pastries. She exercises ruthlessly to ward off first signs of any insulin shock.



The Incas worshipped it....



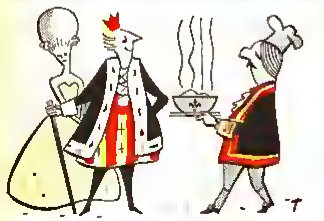
The Scots wouldna eat it....



The Irish adopted it....



The English used it as a love potion.



Louis of France set the fashion

Drawings by John Thorne

Spuds Can Be Glamorous

Sure, you know about French fries. But what about *pomme de terre Chatouillard?* The potato is really an elegant dandy and not the fat-producing villain they say it is

By James Bannerman

THERE are few Canadians who don't eat potatoes at least once a day. Many a rugged citizen has them with every meal. Yet we're so used to having the spud around we treat it as a kind of drudge—the faithful and neglected Cinderella of the kitchen—overlooking the fact that it is the most versatile of all vegetables and full of beguiling possibilities.

Last year Canada's potato crop ran to 97¾ million bushels, of which only 3½ millions were exported—mostly to the U.S. That adds up to a lot of spuds eaten right here at home.

In 1950 the country's farmers got a shade over $60 millions for the whole crop. We rely on them when we're poor and look down on them when we're rich. But they have been the cherished luxury of a queen and the passion of an emperor.

Because they're nourishing and filling we figure they must be fattening too, and when a girl's girdle gets too tight or a ballplayer eats himself into a batting slump, potatoes are the first things blamed. But if they aren't loaded with butter or dripping with grease, potatoes are a lot less fattening than many another food.

There is no reason from the weight-reduction angle (there might be medical reasons though, as in the case of diabetics) why fatties who are trying to lose a few pounds shouldn't include potatoes in their diet. It's the calories in what you eat that count and there are only 113 of them in four ounces of plain boiled potatoes. Whereas the same amount of lean beefsteak has 175, white bread 320, and butter no less than 950. In an experiment by the German scientists Rubner and Thomas in 1918 a 165 pound man ate absolutely nothing but potatoes for six days (5 pounds 11 ounces a day). He neither gained nor lost an ounce.

Potatoes are so easy to cook that they can be boiled, mashed, fried, baked or roasted after a fashion by a person who is still half asleep and hardly anyone stops to think they can be made into a great number of rich, savory and even exotic dishes, too. The wonderful Jewish *latkes*, for example, or the Italian *patate con olive*, or the multitudinous French styles—*Berny, Pont Neuf, Georgette, Chatouillard, Mousse Parmentier, en Liards, en Quenelles, en soufflé*, just to take a few at random. Ambrose Heath in his "Good Potato Dishes," gives more than 100 different recipes.

I'm going to give you some myself, but in a single article it's impossible to do more than touch lightly on the fringe of this mouthwatering abundance. Potatoes can be cooked in combination with virtually anything — truffles, mushrooms, green peppers, olives, pomegranates, even fresh gardenia petals.

The majority of people think there are only four or five different kinds of potatoes but the fact is there are about 700. The differences between most of them are so minute it takes a full-time potato expert to spot them, but every variety has its own often rather curious name such as Burning Daylight, Prima Donna, Annie Laurie, Colossal Beauty, Village Postman and Pink-Eyed Don.

When it comes to cooking them, however, the hairsplitting distinctions of potato-growers don't matter. About all you have to do is avoid those which have sprouts growing out of them (too old), and those with greenish patches on their skins. This is the potato equivalent of sunburn and likely indicates a bitter flavor.

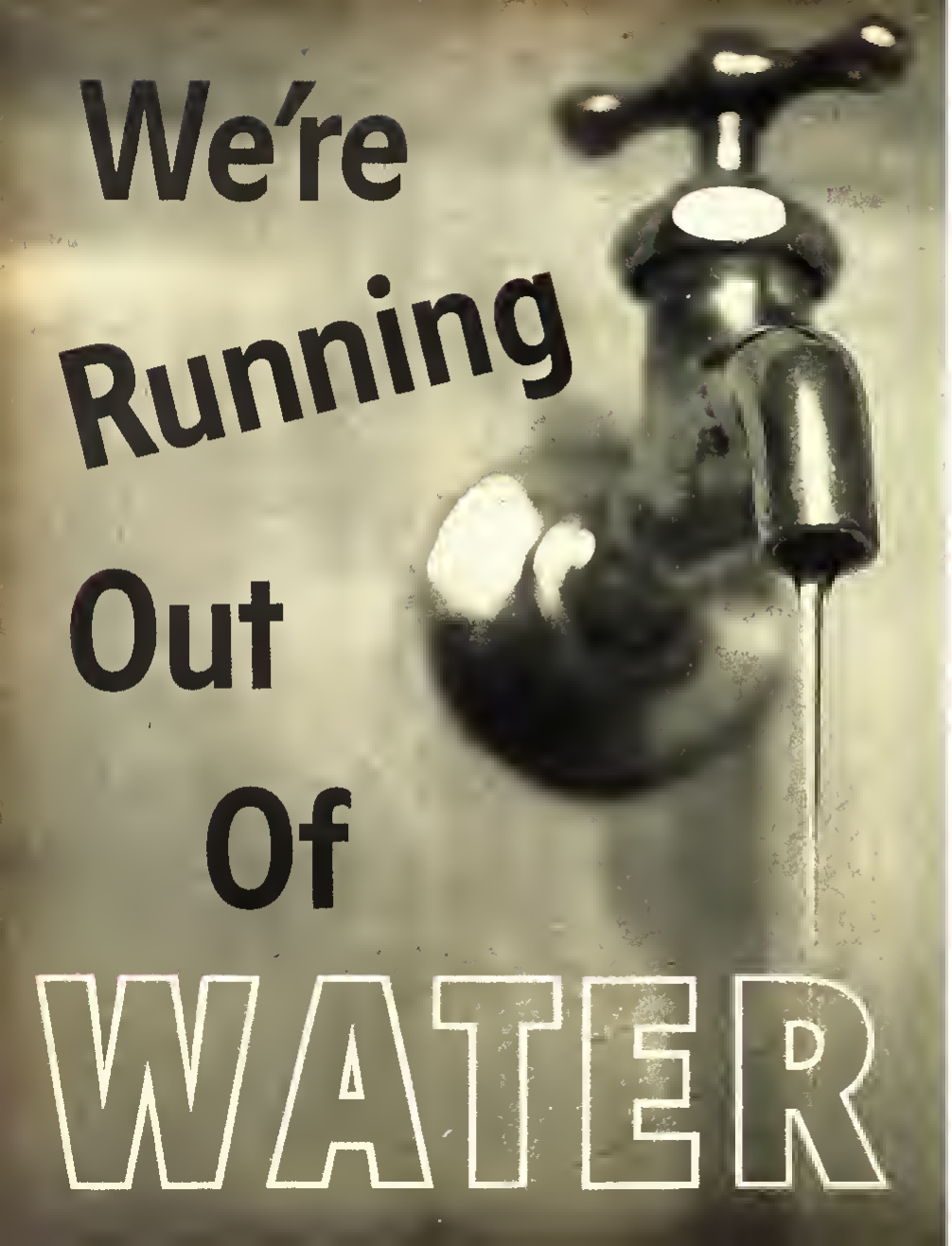
If Potatoes Be the Food of Love —

The potato is not only wildly versatile, a kind of culinary split personality or schizophrenic of the skillet—it has has a strange, romantic and occasionally *terrible* history.

The Spaniards who invaded South America in the early 1500's were the first white men to discover potatoes existed and were good to eat. But the Incas who had known this for centuries thought so highly of them that a kind of potato worship crept into their religion. Inca priests cut off the upper lips of a few beautiful girls every season to ensure a good crop.

A hundred years after *Continued on page 37*





We're Running Out Of WATER

You are 70% water, so you'd better read this article. Maybe afterward you won't grumble so much when it rains. This continent is headed for a catastrophe unless we stop treating water as an enemy and start protecting it as our best friend

By FRED BODSWORTH

WHEN it rains, grumbling city folk from St. John's to Victoria turn up their coat collars, stamp on their rubbers and wish someone would turn off the tap. Many farmers, too, kept out of their fields by a downpour, gripe away and start worrying that their crops will miss the market. Car drivers all over curse the spots on their shining polish jobs, and business girls despair over their nylons.

You'd think rain was a nuisance!

Truth is that we would all die in a few hours if there wasn't any. Even the wheat in the loaf of bread you call the "staff of life" has used up two tons of water in its growth.

Engineers have computed that the modern Canadian and U. S. way of life depends on approximately 700 gallons of water per person per day. That's what is actually going through the meters. If you eat the equivalent of a loaf of bread and pound of beef per day you are using another 22 tons, or about 6,000 gallons.

Your body is 70% water. It will get along on six pints of the raw stuff per day (beer or coffee counted in) but when you throw in the odd lettuce leaf, French fry or beefsteak you're using the end product of a lot of raindrops. It takes 300 to 500 pounds of water from the soil to produce one pound of leafy crop; 300 tons to grow one ton of corn, 40,000 pounds to produce the pasturage that goes into the making of one pound of beef.

You also use water to brush your teeth, shave, bath to scrub floors, to heat and air-condition homes, to maintain steam in thousands of locomotives and steam plants, to smelt steel, to produce chemicals.

Even the air you breathe would be a parching gas as deadly as chlorine if it didn't have water vapor in it.

Yet we treat water, the mother of all life, as an enemy to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible. We hail great swamp drainage projects as feats of engineering progress. We have built monstrous ditching machines to slap tile drains down faster. We have razed forests and plowed under the land's grass cover, ignoring the fact that this is nature's sponge put there to hold water where it's needed. We go on building bigger and bigger cities, stacking families on top of each other like bees in a hive, without asking until it is too late where water, the city's lifeblood, is to come from.

Until a few years ago we were getting away with it, but now we've used up our credit and are starting to pay the bill.

Recently newspaper readers followed with amused smiles the plight of New Yorkers whose dwindling water supply was so stringently rationed that men were driving out of the city to get shaves, and where luxury liners were serving free wine instead of water with meals. Meanwhile one of America's largest rivers continues flowing serenely past Manhattan—so polluted with unnecessary filth and industrial waste that to drink it is to risk poisoning.

Icebox Drippings For Babies

Last summer Toronto and its suburbs were drenched by the heaviest rainfall of years yet the ban against lawn sprinkling had to be enforced as usual, and at times in adjacent North York pressures dropped so low that residents had to carry buckets of water from basements to second-floor bathrooms to flush toilets.

These are merely the most publicized manifestations of a continent-wide catastrophe in the making. From Atlantic to Pacific, Rio Grande to the Arctic, the soil's water levels are rapidly lowering. Thousands of wells and streams are drying up. Thousands of acres of once-fertile soil are being transformed into wastes of yellow blow sand. Our life-supporting water sources are visibly dwindling.

The Agricultural Institute of Canada, an organization of 32,000 scientific workers last year handed a statement on the water problem to provincial ministers of agriculture across Canada. The institute declared: "Conservation of soil and water represents the greatest natural resources problem facing Canada at present. Lack of an adequate and integrated government policy covering land and water resources is a growing menace to farmers and our whole economy. It is a matter of national concern."

In 1949 the Ontario Legislature appointed a committee to study the conservation needs of the province, with emphasis on soil and water. In its report the committee said: "The evidence has been most emphatic on the lowering of ground-water supplies. Farmers complain that wells are going dry, many cities are finding it difficult to secure water for an increasing population, or even for their present numbers. . . . If rain and snow water continue to race away at top speed into rivers and lakes, rather than percolate into the ground, the day is coming when Ontario's inland cities will be forced to build vast and costly works, piping water from the Great Lakes. . . . Inland towns cannot continue to grow without more water."

News stories like this one from Malton, Ont., are becoming more common each year: Water to Malton district homes was shut off sometimes for 12 hours at a time as municipal wells failed. Mothers used icebox drippings for mixing baby formulas; children drank pop with meals. Near Oakville a mother nursing a sick baby had to dissolve its tablets in ginger ale when Trafalgar township's water mains went dry.

Professor E. G. Pleva, head of the geography department at University of Western Ontario, London, recently warned that waste of water resources by cutting forests and draining swamps was causing ground water levels in Southern Ontario to drop as much as a foot a year. This means that shallow inexpensive wells which once provided cheap and abundant water for numerous communities are now dry and municipalities must keep drilling them deeper and deeper.

At Forest, near Lake Huron, the first town well drilled many years ago produced water that rose in the casing to within 30 feet of the surface. Today the water level

Continued on page 41



When nature's sponge of trees, bushes and grasses give way to urban areas and cultivation, this happens: Above, the Etobicoke stream full of spring run-off; below, the same scene in summer.



IT'S SPRING AGAIN

For Pleasant Summer Driving

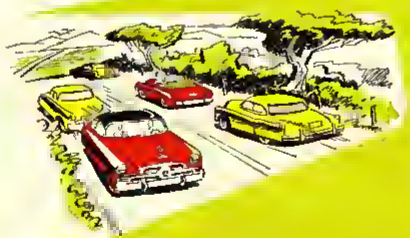
YOUR CAR NEEDS A CHECKUP NOW!

Summer time is vacation time. But your car never gets a vacation. Winter driving has been a strain on the electrical and fuel systems. Minor corrections now may eliminate major expenses later. Your service mechanic knows how to adjust your car for economical and efficient summer driving.





Your motor likes to keep cool too! Don't expect it to give peak performance on "fatigued" winter oils. Warm days are the signal to have your crankcase, transmission and differential drained and refilled with the right grades of lubricants that your service man or authorized dealer will recommend.



You'll have more peace of mind driving on congested highways if you are sure that your tires won't suddenly let you down. Frozen ruts and snow have given your tires and steering a severe test. The proper corrective care now is your assurance of safe, trouble-free driving all summer long.

SEE YOUR SERVICE DEALER TODAY

A Spring check up is more than just changing the oil and replacing the thermostats. It means a thorough inspection of *all* your car. Make an appointment to have your car pre-conditioned at a reputable service garage. Special attention should be given to these six items.

COOLING—Flush and inspect the entire cooling system. Check the thermostats, hoses, water pump and fan belt.

LUBRICATION—Change to summer grade oils. Lubricate all chassis points and accessories. Inspect and change oil filter.

ELECTRICAL—Check battery, wiring and cables. Test starter, drive and generator output. Clean, test and adjust spark plugs.

ENGINE—Complete tune-up for summer driving conditions. Clean air filter and crankcase breathers.

COMFORT—Inspect suspension, test shock absorber operation and air conditioning.

Have that Spring Check up now and avoid troublesome roadside breakdowns later . . . That's what we mean by Car Saver Service.

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CAREFREE MOTORING
with
CAR SAVER SERVICE
SPONSORED BY
MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE The films latest parochialism offered by Scotland's gallant Young Pretender as a only lightly captured in this garrulous screenplay starring David Niven. The Highlands though look mighty handsome in Technicolor.

DALLAS Gary Cooper in a lavish Pat reunion western accidentally sparked by a touch of deadpan humor. Ruth Roman and Raymond Massey are real fine.

DOUBLE CROSSBONES The script could have been more imaginative but in its limited way this is a diverting burlesque on pirate swashbucklers. Dean and O'Connor is a shipshape pair, helped why Hamilton into renown as a Puc coaster.

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA Lewis Milestone who directed "All Quiet on the Western Front" 21 years ago has come up with another superior war epic, although it isn't as impressive. Thos its noble ancestor. Richard Widmark as a Marine lieutenant with emotional hand aches, tops the efficient cast.

MAD WEDNESDAY Harold Lloyd's comePback a irresistibly hilarious years after a middle aged search who bibulously acquires a boatload career.

THE MUDLARK. An endearing London ragamuffin (Andrew Ray) dives down a coal-chute into Windsor Castle and inspires Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) to smile again with his loyal rebuttle. Slow but pleasant entertainment.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT The same Irene Dunne charm of her regal grandeur, murder a rodeo cowboy (Fred MacMurray) and refuses all sorts of indignities. The title exaggerates.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN A fair enough Civil War western about a Southern officer (Errol Flynn) who raises a North ern girl from the Pedaler of the east of his own life.

THE STEEL HELMET: Hollywood's first lictional treatment of the lighting in Korea and one by one's model is dull one. A passage thunderous war story somewhat weakened by the usual hocorerial selection of restraining theatre, terr and Pr bachgrounds which smack of the studio.

THE 13TH LETTER: A draggy but ran spelling little melodrama about an epidemic of poison pen letters in a Canadian village. The cast includes Charles Boyer (as an old man), Hede Dorsel, Michael Kane and Judith Evelyn. Filmed in Quebec.

UNDER THE GUN A recommendable low Budget thriller about a big shot gunPed (Richard Conte) who plots a fantastic way of getting out of prison.

GILMOUR RATES . . .

Admiral Was a Lady Comedy Poor
All About Eve Satire comedy Tops
American Guerilla in the Philippines War and romance Fair
Annie Get Your Gun Musical Good
Armored Car Robbery Crime Fair
Asphalt Jungle Crime Excellent
At War with the Army Farce Poor
Bannon Valley Wildlife short Tops
Blue Lamp Police Thriller Good
Branded Big western Poor
Breaking Point Melodrama Good
Breakthrough War drama Fair
Broken Arrow Western Good
Cage of Gold Melodrama Poor
Champagne for Caesar Comedy Fair
Cinderella Diesel Fantasy Excellent
City Lights (re-issue) Comedy Tops
Comanche Territory Western Good
Convicted Prison drama Good
Cride Tropical suspense Good
Dark City Crime suspense Fair
Dial 1119 Suspense murders. Fair
Fancy Pants Bob Hope farce Good
Father of the Bride Comedy Good
Fourt & the Devil Semi-opera Good
Flame and the Arrow Drama Fair
For Heaven's Sake Comedy Fair
Fuller Brush Girl Comedy Fair
Glass Menagerie Family drama Fair
Happiest Days of Your Life Old school tie comedy Excellent
Harriet Craig Comedy-drama Fair
Harvey Fantasy comedy Good
Heat the Man Down Whodunit Fair
I'd Climb the Highest Mountain Rural parson drama Fair
I'll Get By Musical farce Fair
The Jackpot Comedy Good
Kind Hearts and Coronets Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults
King Solomon's Mines Jungle epic plus romance Tops.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye Crime Fair
Last Days of Dolwyn Drama Good
Last Holiday Tragi-comedy Good
The Lawless Suspense drama Good.
Let's Dance Musical Good

The Men Hospital drama Excellent
The Mikado Operetta farce Good
Mister Story Domestic drama Poor
Mister 880 Comedy Excellent
Mr. Music Crooner musical Fair
Mrs. O'Malley & Mr. Malone Radio jackpot farce. Fair
Mystery Street Crime Excellent
Next Voice You Hear Drama Fair
No Way Out Racial drama Good
Odette Espionage drama Fair
Pagan Love Song Swamp musical Fair
Panic in the Streets Crime Excellent
Patty Girl Comedy and music Good
Prelude to Fame Music drama Good.
Riding High Turf comedy Good
Right Cross Boxing drama Fair
Rio Grande Big western. Poor
A Run for Your Money Comedy Fair.
711 Ocean Drive Crime Fair
Septemper Affair Romance Fair.
Stage Fright Crime suspense Good
State Secret (also called "The Great Manhunt") Suspense Good
Summer Stock Musical Good
Sunset Boulevard Drama Tops
They Were Not Divided War Poor
Three Husbands Marital farce Poor
Three Secrets Drama Poor
Tight Little Island Comedy Tops
Toast of New Orleans Musical Poor
To Please a Lady Love action Fair
Treasure Island Boy adventure Good
Trio 3 comedy dramas Excellent
Two Flags West Western Good
Two Weeks With Love Musical. Poor
Union Station Kidnapping Good
Walk Softly Stranger Drama Fair
Watch the Birdie Shoplifting farce Fair
Who's Danger Lives Melodrama Poor
Winchester 73 Western Good
Woman in Question Whodunit Good.



Early Bird—

. . . with confidence in CANADA LIFE!

It was Joe's Dad that said, "Son, whether you're a horse or a man, it's the early start that wins the race."

The thought amused young Joe but it stuck in his mind, too. It pops up especially on those days when he'd like to switch off the alarm clock and catch another forty winks.

He remembered it particularly the day he decided, with his first pay, to invest part of his money with Canada Life. "It's another way of making an early start," he reasoned. "If I can set a good and plan financial security from the beginning I'll be away ahead in a few years."

Joe learned too, that Canada Life made its own early start as the first Canadian Life Insurance Company 102 years ago. Since then the Company has grown steadily, becoming respected everywhere for its sound policies.

brighter tomorrows for you and yours . . .

The CANADA LIFE Assurance Company

FANCY FARE!



Luscious Butterfly Buns

Treats like these come easy now—with speedy new DRY Yeast

If you bake at home—your yeast problems are ended! Never again find yourself out of yeast because it spoils so quickly. Never again worry if your yeast is fresh enough. This new fast-rising Dry Yeast keeps full strength in the cupboard—right till the moment you need it. No refrigeration needed!

It's the new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising *Dry* Yeast. The modern form of Fleischmann's Yeast, relied on by three generations of Canadian women. No change in your recipes—just substitute one package of Fleischmann's new Dry Yeast for each cake of old-style yeast. Order a *month's supply* of Fleischmann's Fast Rising *Dry* Yeast.

BUTTERFLY BUNS
(Makes 20 Buns)

Measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well
In the measuring could
½ cup milk
¼ cup granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ cup shortening
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm, add to yeast mixture. Stir in
1 well-beaten egg
Stir in
2 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth. Work in
2½ cups once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine
½ cup brown sugar (lightly packed down)
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ cup washed and dried currants or raisins
¼ cup chopped candied peel
Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions. Form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 24 inches long and 7½ inches wide. Loosen dough. Spread each oblong with
2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Beginning at the long edges, roll each up as in the centre, jelly roll fashion. Flatten slightly and cut each strip crosswise into 10 pieces. Using a lightly floured handle of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre of each bun parallel to the cut sides. Place, well apart, on greased, cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired, cool and spread with confectioners' icing.





Harry Henderson mightn't like living in New York but he doesn't seem to mind working there. Especially not when handed the job of interviewing TV starlet, Marion Carter.

IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE

LIKE most of the rest of those unlucky New Yorkers he writes about on page 18, Harry Henderson comes from a small town. He began his writing career in Kittanning, which is on the Allegheny River about 45 miles above Pittsburgh. He worked on several Pennsylvania newspapers before going to the big town where he has spent the last 15 years writing magazine articles. At present he lives with his wife and three sons at Croton on Hudson.

His magazine subjects have included Broadway personalities, politicians, share croppers and, once during the Second World War, he came to Toronto on a story on the Stengun.

"My main memory of the city," he recalled recently, "is that I arrived on a Sunday and went out to look for a restaurant and almost starved to death before I found one. I finally appealed to a policeman who took me down an alley, showed me a side door on the other side of which they fed me."

Henderson says about his latest story: "I began collecting notes on New York as a form of insanity the day I arrived here. The first thing I noticed was that at 5 o'clock everyone ran to the nearest bar as though his life depended on it. I know now that this was the case.

"The people who know least about New York's troubles and defects," he says, "are the New Yorkers themselves. They'll put up with anything from dirty streets to bad housing and the minute they get out of town they feel imposed upon because things aren't done as badly as at home. They miss being pushed around."

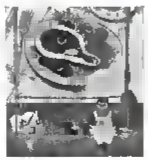
• Eva-Lis Wuorio, who wrote it, and Herb Nott, who took the photographs for the article on page 10 about radio's first lady, June Gray, found themselves on the show soon after they met their subject.

"While I was in Hamilton I was practically a fixture on her radio program," Miss Wuorio reports.

While Nott was taking one of his pictures of June at work a flashbulb exploded near the microphone. June's small grandson, Christopher, immediately informed his mother that "Granny's been blown up by an atom bomb."

When she was told the article was appearing in this issue June smiled and mulled: "Couldn't be more appropriate — April Fools' Day."

THE COVER



Oscar Cahen, a well-nourished painter who lives in the country near King, Ont., says he enjoyed painting this cover because he enjoys good food. His favorite lunch is the kind of salad that didn't quite make the picture in the upper right hand corner. But after a spread like that wine would have room in salad?





"I can hardly wait to tell Grandma!"

Mother didn't have to wait—even a second. When Willie's report showed him at the head of his class the phone was there and mother quickly passed along the good news. That's the way it is with Long Distance Service. Today—the little joys of everyday living can be shared quickly and at a cost comparable to a tin of Willie's favourite cookies.



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A Rest for Tired Men?

Continued from page 4

Bevan. Instead he will dispert with the Rhine Maidens and tell them fascinating stories of the days when his career was on all fours. His hour of destiny has not struck, for he is a decade younger than his seniors in the party. "After the Tories the deluge!" he will say to the gurgling Rhine Maidens. "And I will be the deluge."

Now we must leave *"Gotterdammerung"* and Brunhilde's horse and ask ourselves what has happened to the bold prophecy of 25 years of socialist government after the great victory of 1945. Even the most moderate Socialists gave themselves 15 undefeated years. As for the intellectuals in the party they could prove that the Conservative Party would never form a government in Britain again. They admitted that there would be an opposition or opposition which would eventually defeat the Socialists (only temporarily of course), but it would be some new political alignment of a radical character. The Tories would be a mere historic remnant like the carcasses of ancient mammals left on the shores of time.

Since I am writing as a contemporary historian and not as a party politician I want to be strictly fair and unpartisan in assessing the truth as it seems today. Therefore I must confess that in my opinion the Conservatives would now be facing defeat if they had not the Socialists had won the general elections of 1945 and 1950. But then it is an reckoning of fact that the British socialist party is traditionally unlucky.

It first assumed office in 1924 and was cut in on a few months on the mishandling of the famous or infamous Zinoviev letter in which Ramsay MacDonald contrived to offend the right, the left and the middle—no mean task, you will agree. Then when they took office in 1929 they were caught by the world economic blizzard and were blown away like ferns in a seaside gale.

Even in 1945 when they won such a great victory they found themselves facing the Herculean task of imposing austerity and rebuilding the nation's shattered finances and industrial output while invoking a foreign policy with no strength to support it. Perhaps it is logical for a nation to turn to the Socialists when things are bad and to churches like Tories when things are bright. If that is true then the Socialists' task will always be heavy.

Cripps Was Labor's Joan

Actually their ill luck stuck to them in the general election of February 1950. Yet will remember that the final day's results pointed to an overwhelming Socialist victory but there was an astonishing change on the second day. With only 30 seats to go it was impossible to say which side would win. When it became apparent that the victors would only have a fluky token majority which would virtually mean office without power, it is no secret that each side was pleading with the fates to give the victory to the other fellow.

But the ill luck of the Socialists persisted—and they won! Unwillingly they scrapped all their plans for further nationalization and embarked upon a standstill period imposed upon them by events. This meant a chilling of the enthusiasts who believed that with a second term the Socialist Utopia could be finally and permanently achieved. It also meant an intolerable strain on the disciplines of the trade unionists who had held back their claims for increased wages in order to help establish the Welfare State.

Then came a blow just underneath the heart which sent the party reeling on to the ropes. Sir Stafford Cripps threw in his hand and resigned. He had carried a burden which would have borne cruelly upon the strongest frame and his pain racked body could no longer maintain the strength of his spirit or the brilliance of his mind. To the Socialists he was a mystic or prophet or martyr. He was their Joan of Arc, a stronger but a symbol. By his example and his selflessness he had made austerity seem something fine—and the puritan still survives in the British character.

The other casualty was Ernest Bevin. I can remember when Churchill, with a flash of genius, invited this dynamo-self made trade union boss to join his wartime Government as Minister of Labor. Bevin hit the House like a cyclone. He broke all the rules of debate, dropped his "H's" defied the Nazis, and worked like a bull. His judgment was shrewd, his spirit unconquerable, and he successfully achieved the miracle of changing from the champion of the trade union workers to their master.

When the war was over and the Socialists came to power he went to the Foreign Office in the belief that he could bargain with countries across the table as he had done so successfully in his trade-union days.

Yet here again we see the element of bad luck which shadows Socialism wherever it goes. Bevin's predecessors at the Foreign Office for 150 years had been backed by supreme naval and industrial power. When the great Palmerston set foot in Europe the whole Continent trembled. No wonder we look back upon them as our days of glory.

Ernie's Enemy Within

But when Ernie set forth on his travels it was to represent a victorious but impoverished Britain. The power, if not the glory, had passed to Russia and America. To his eternal credit let it be said that Ernie Bevin never lost his courage or his belief in Britain's destiny. He was a great Englishman who rose above party differences and fought for his country and the welfare of the rivalized world. We Tories gave him complete support, but the ardor of many of his own supporters cooled to a refrigerator temperature. They had always believed that there should be a Socialist foreign policy where Socialist would speak to Socialist while Communism and capitalism would disappear from the earth. It was a bitter resentment when Bevin found that in the House of Commons the only cheers came from the Tories. Yet it did not alter his course.

Unfortunately like Sir Stafford Cripps he had an enemy within himself. Where Cripps body was lean and so unable to maintain the endless labor of his mind, Bevin's body was so huge that at last his heart could not support the strain.

It was tragic to see the physical decline of a man who needed vibrant health for his terrible task. His face became drawn, his booming voice declined to a dull unresonant monotone. Where once he would engulf us with laughter he looked as if he would never smile again. But he did not give up. Admirable as was his courage he was not fair to the country or to himself. In these days a foreign secretary who dare not fly is like a war who has to take refuge cowed.

Finally his physicians forced him to go into a nursing home. There he has been—except for rare short periods for more than a year. Not only his heart but his whole body was in rebellion. He was marked with pain and had to undergo a series of operations. Yet he made considerable recovery and appeared again at his post of duty. When he steered him for his courage although when he spoke the old fire was no longer there.

In January when the influenza epidemic swept England the cruel germs set about him and once more he was in the nursing home with complications of pneumonia. Well might Ernie Bevin ask what in God done to deserve so much punishment and pain.

Yan might wonder why the British people do not feel a pride and sympathy in a political party which has produced two martyrs like Cripps and Bevin. It is not a splendid thing when men will work for their country to the very point of collapse and beyond? The British do feel both pride and gratitude, but you must remember that sentiment plays little part in politics. One of the first requisites of a politician running high office is health. His powers of endurance must be enormous. That is no immutable law from which there is no appeal.

A Fresh Team Is Waiting

The people look at the Socialist Government today and see one man trying to do the work of ten. When Attlee flew to Washington he could not take Bevin with him because he would send the Foreign Secretary three not fly. When Bevin goes down with influenza Attlee takes over his job. When Shinwell is another influenza victim Attlee becomes Acting Minister of Defence. It is magnificent but is it government?

Therefore the people shake their heads. Sitting opposite the Socialists are Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, Oliver Lyttelton, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, R. A. Butler, Harold Macmillan—men who held office in the gruelling test of war but are fresh from five years of opposition. World it not be better to hand them the reins of office than to leave them with Attlee and his worn out colleagues?

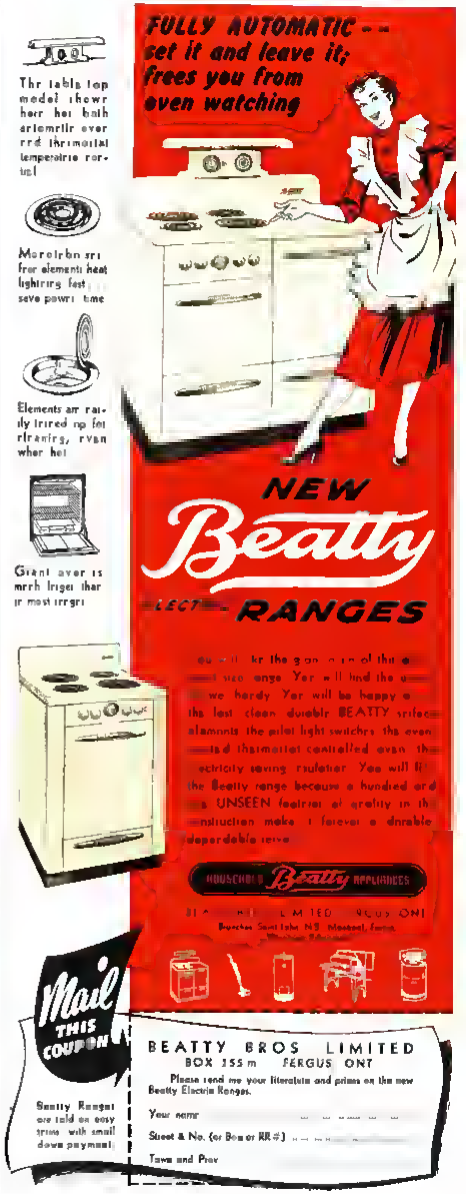
If that were the only issue important as it is I doubt whether there would be a great swing to the Conservatives. But when the collapse of Cripps and Bevin is taken into account with the blunders of Socialism as a political philosophy then I contend that the result is certain.

For that reason I propose in my next London Letter to deal with the miscalculations and fundamental weaknesses of Socialism which have brought the party fortunes to their present low level. I shall try to maintain a fair balance between successes and failures, for this is a time when judgment should not be clouded by partisanship. ★

I USE BAY LEAVES IN MINE

Give me a husband who drinks to excess
Someone who blisters at bores...
Give me a man who is sloppy in dress,
Even a stout one that snores...
Give me a fellow who crackles his gum,
Never looks up from his book
Give me all this, but deliver me from
One who has learned how to cook!

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Water-repellent with brighter shine!

Stays shining for weeks, even when damp mopped again and again with clear water. Dirt disappears but the bright wax shine remains

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Always the Best—Now 3 ways better—Shines Brighter—Lasts Longer—Polishes easier!

It pays to spend a few pennies more for the floor wax that gives extra beauty and extra protection. You'll find Johnson's Paste Wax is easier to polish, is brighter shining and longer lasting!

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With special cleaning ingredient added!

No need to wipe up floors before you wax them. Johnson's Liquid Wax removes stains and scuffmarks at the same time it polishes!

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Gives the richest, longest-lasting wax luster you've ever seen on wood! Pride is a clear liquid—spreads on like water—cleans as it spreads—gives real wax beauty and protection. No rubbing. No sticky oils.

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Waxes any car in 20 minutes without rubbing!

A sensational new chemical discovery! Just spread on cleaned finish — let dry — wipe lightly. That's all. Gives a bright, smooth, long wearing "diamond shine"—guaranteed to outlast any other auto wax.

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To clean your car . . .

Johnson's CARNU

Takes off all the greasy road grime that the most thorough washing can't do. Easy and safe. Leaves a perfect surface for applying Johnson's Car-Plate.

85¢ pint

Stock up at your dealer's today . . . then do your housegleaming the easy way!

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CORK TIP CIGARETTES

For the well-groomed shoe...



...a NUGGET shine

And the well-groomed man knows that a daily shine with Nugget keeps his shoes looking smart sparkling all day long

Oxblood Black White and all shades of Brown

"Did you NUGGET your shoes this morning?"

You're Lucky You Don't Live in New York

Continued from page 17

publicized water problem is another example of how unmanageably big its problems can get In 1947 New York consumed 1 128 million gallons of water a day But the lack of deep canyon and heavy rains in the natural watershed area created a critical shortage The peak summer month now find the world's richest city literally rationing water

New York is strangling literally choking on people and what people bring with them children cars rubbish To escape hundreds of thousands commute to the green rim of the city which now extends nearly 50 miles from Manhattan into New Jersey upstate New York Long Island and Connecticut But they are more than replaced by new millions moving in Some believe that within the next 20 years New York could reach the 15 millions mark more people than there are in all Canada

This roaring growth and the failure to replace obsolete buildings at a rate adequately increasing the rhythm and filth of the city Relatively simple problems have become killers To cross Manhattan—less than two miles in a straight line—takes 42 minutes the same time the distance can be walked Owning a car in New York has all the pleasures of having a cherry splitting headache Insurance rates have jumped 18% Garage space is practically unobtainable and costs from $20 to $30 a month Parking is prohibited midtown except in vacant lots which charge $1 for two hours Trucks block the streets and traffic jams often extend for blocks.

It's An Eyeful ... of Dust

Mayor after mayor experts upon experts have vainly struggled with the nightmare congestion Schemes for forcing the traffic vary from banning all private cars making it risky driving at night to tunneling through the second stories of existing buildings to create cross town speedways But in practice little is done except extend the parking ban further uptown Recently the New York Board of Trade begged the city for some preliminary steps toward a traffic solution Traffic jams said the board were costing business $1 million a day

Where do all the cars come from? About 270 000 of them pour into the midtown area every day Cabbies blame the superhighways leading into upstate New York New Jersey and Connecticut. Created at a cost of $400 millions so that cars could quickly leave the city and thereby relieve congestion these parkways are beautiful—but apparently no one thought that hundreds of thousands of commuters and Westchester women going shopping would find driving into the city over the new highways a pleasure. Those in the morning for miles outside the city proper cars are converging in bumper-to-bumper streams on Manhattan A major effort to relieve congestion has simply added to the original problem.

The fumes from all these cars contribute a great deal to the gaseous content of New York air but one of its worst problems is smoke All has risen drastically into the city's sunlight. Sunstats figure New York loses one sunny day out of three because of it. On winter days the loss of sunlight runs as high as 73%

Along with smoke comes soot and grime A familiar sight is the New Yorker trying to get something out of his eye The Manhattan Island breezes develop tremendous pressures as they are caught in buffeted and channeled in the canyon like streets and powerful dust recirculating swirls develop at intersections If the air were pure this might be stimulating and refreshing but New York air is loaded with dust and impurities and New Yorkers actually need goggles The city's skyscrapers trap the sun's rays to such an extent that cooling breezes are immediately warmed up Long after the sun has gone down these concrete and brick masses are still radiating heat waves In tenement districts it is not unusual to see whole families sleeping on fire escapes and the parks and beaches are full of people seeking relief Everyone who possibly can escapes to the country-side paying a month as $1 500 for a summer cottage just so they can sleep at night

The topmost complaint of New Yorkers is high rent Land in Manhattan is now valued in the 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue area at $32 000 per front foot Over on Park Avenue it gets down to $20 000 (Montreal's top prices are St Catherine Street run around $10 000) These values decline further yet get away from that centre area in the Bronx and Queens the average drops to $500 per front foot In Brooklyn where there are more people than in the other two boroughs, it averages nearly $700 Compare that with Vancouver's top residential prices of $100 a front foot So New York rents are fantastic. Swank penthouses often rent for $12 000 a year In the midtown area a tiny one room apartment brings more than $100 a month In Queens Brooklyn or the Bronx you may be lucky enough to get three rooms for $100

In the cheaper tenements where millions put up with dark narrow stairs bad plumbing cracked plaster warped floors and continually fight rats and bugs of all kinds the low income family can find a home of sorts. Sometimes these buildings collapse Three years ago a tenement suddenly fell apart, killing 32 people

William Zeckendorf, president of one of the city's biggest real estate firms thinks 20%, of New York should be demolished The Wall Street section he says is probably doomed beyond rescue

Another major problem is food At lunchtime New York's stenos must spend at least 75 cents for a low grade meal Of course they can always go to the Colony Club where the tab is likely to total $21 Some plush places charge $1 for a pat of coffee

Thousands of the city's restaurants serve only breakfast and therefore they must get back their coffee cups and food restraint or crack Busboys in the cafeterias hustle patrons out by lifting anything from the tables not actually in use Only in the high price cafés can a New Yorker relax in his lunch hour

New York is famous as the world centre of theatre but the number of legitimate theatres in the city has dropped from about 70 to 30 in recent years Tickets for big hits are expensive and often unobtainable for months ahead Last May tickets for "South Pacific" were being sold at the box office price of $6 for December dates Many of these are snapped up by speculators who scalp them Some "South Pacific" tickets have been sold at $60 a pair

As an art centre New York became to rival Paris, but there the culture boom seems can stop For while the New York Public Library has treasures like the Tickhill Psalter of 14th Century work in medieval Latin valued at $65 000 don't ever try to borrow a current book It doesn't have them Similar has 11 volumes per registered borrower Cleveland has nine Montreal has 10 New York has barely two!

Sometimes people move into New York thinking their children will get a better education there Actually New York schools are scandalous There sounds of children attending schools built before the Civil War some are more than 100 years old Altogether 278 schools were built more than 50 years ago Many are recognized fire traps About 38 000 children more than all the kids in Ottawa go only part time because of overcrowding In these obsolete buildings the toilets are filthy and the stairs dangerous Another 25 000 are stuck in substandard, badly lit badly equipped rooms

More than 5 000 teachers have quit in the last few years, unable to take the low pay and overcrowding The teachers get a basic pay of $2 500 a year with gradual raises to a top after 18 years of $5 325 The N Y Board of Education admits overcrowding exists in about 5 000 classrooms Parents patrol some of the schools because of the large number of cases of perverts molesting small children in dark halls

When the teachers of New York threatened to strike all then after-school hours work unless a promised pay increase came through they received a rebuff from City Hall Immediately

Continued on page 47



To The Freshman Housekeeper

You may think your have a million things to learn but here is one item your current neglect Use Sani-Flush to clean your toilet bowl It is the one product that cleans thoroughly disinfects removes invisible film Quick easy sanitary No messy scrubbing Just follow directions on the yellow can Safe to septic tank systems Made in Canada Distributed by Harold F Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto Ont.

Sani-Flush



PERFUMED with a fresh, mild fragrance



Look at it again—trim and heavy? So trim and real—with Superior features and workmanship? Heats in a jiffy—high, low or medium—as you like it! A wonderful help to over-ze your kitchen—and such practical value! See your dealer now—and treat yourself in this new Superior Electric Double Hot Plate!

Superior Appliances give Superior Service

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ELECTRICS LTD. Pembroke, Ont.



When are you going to clean up the car? You've been promising to do it for a year!"

Iron Fireman RADIANT VORTEX* Oil Heat



Iron Fireman Radiant Vortex oil fired furnace
Available in models to match any requirements with the size of Iron Fireman Vortex models, circulators and the special industrial oil burning equipment.



Iron Fireman Radiant Vortex Conversion Burner
Turns your coal furnace or boiler oil-burning automatic heating system with a speed you'll never forget. Installed in the space from which coal has been removed. Burns any grade of oil that your furnace or boiler is designed for and fitted.



Iron Fireman Radiant Vortex Oil Fired Boiler
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Continued from page 35

more than 10,000 students stormed the mayor's office in a noisy five hour demonstration. The mayor sent his mounted police into action and refused point blank to meet a delegation of the students.

The city has built 45 schools in the past few years, but these are not nearly enough. The truth of the matter is that the administration cannot fix things up properly without increasing real estate taxes and this would be an unwise move politically. What will happen in the next couple of years when the products of the high wartime birth rates have to go for schools? Maybe they'll put them in the Polo Grounds or Yankee Stadium.

Consider the task of trying to keep New York clean. The city now spends $23 million a year on street cleaning, but the pavements are still littered with refuse, cigarette and cigar butts, gum and newspapers from the restless millions walking the city's 5,000 miles of streets. "After all," one official asks, "how much more can you spend on cleaning streets?"

The average New Yorker spends two hours a day just going to and from work in a crowded subway or bus. Few live close enough to walk to work. A girl living in Queens and working in the downtown financial district of Manhattan would put in her traveling time this way: a five minute walk to a bus station, a seven minute ride to a subway station, a 25-minute subway ride to Grand Central, a four minute walk through the tunnel to catch the three minute shuttle train to Times Square where she transfers to a down-town express train; 12 minutes to Chambers Street where she again transfers to a local train four minutes more to her nearest station, a final three minute walk to her office building. Total time daily: Two hours nine minutes. Total fare: 34 cents. Those needs living farther out spend as much as three hours going to and from downtown every day.

After 20 years a multitude of New Yorkers can look back upon the fact that they have spent two full years of their lives traveling into a jolting dirty, smelly, uncomfortable subway.

This kind of living develops the feeling of being a prisoner allowed to go from one cell (a crowded apartment) to another cell (the office).

Small wonder that half the city's hospital beds are occupied by mental and nervous cases—in spite of the fact that New York has 10% of the nation's psychiatrists.

Many New Yorkers are suspicious, detached, cynical. They will watch a desperate fight between two men or a man beating up a woman without interfering. Millions do not know their next-door neighbor although the recent war did a great deal toward breaking down this reserve. People are friendliest in tenements.

Recently "Candid Camera," a television program, photographed a man lying in the street apparently ill and in great need of help. Hundreds of New Yorkers walked by, looked at him, stopped and stared and then without making any effort to help him went on their way. If they had been asked why they didn't offer help they would have said, "That is not my business."

Although there are 248 people per acre in Manhattan, nowhere are people lonelier and nowhere are laughter and gaiety more artificial.

The next time you read a novel set in exciting New York or see on your local screen the glamorous goings-on of the big city, remember that skyscrapers throw very long shadows. You're better off where you are. You're lucky you don't live in New York. ★

Spuds Can Be Glamorous

Continued from page 22

the Spaniards brought their discovery to Europe potatoes were still so rare and misunderstood that in 1630 the French district of Besançon planting or eating them was forbidden because of a local belief that they caused leprosy.

Across the Channel in Shakespeare's England people were just as firmly convinced they were the food of love and ate small pieces sugar coated like pills as an aphrodisiac. As it happens the lust provoking quality of the innocent tuber is roughly the same as that of sawdust or lukewarm water.

By the time of Queen Anne's reign (1702-1714) the English had quit taking potatoes to stimulate their ardor but they were still so rare they cost the equivalent of $2.50 a pound and only except Her Majesty and the highest officers of the royal household ate them regularly.

A Million Irish Died

In Scotland the first field of potatoes was planted in 1728 at Kilsyth by a man named Thomas Prentice. Up till then the Scots had refused to have anything to do with them, in spite of the tempting price they fetched because they weren't mentioned in the Bible and were therefore sinful.

The Irish, on the other hand, took a very different view and by 1724 were already experiencing the first of a long and disastrous series of potato famines. The Irish peasants had been quick to realize potatoes had several big advantages. Enough could be grown on their bits of land averaging rather less than three acres each to support a whole family for a year on a diet of potatoes and virtually nothing else. Furthermore the entire business of planting, harvesting and cultivating the crop took only three months of their time, every year leaving them nine months free and clear for fighting, singing and getting drunk. This leisurely existence made possible by distilling a kind of whisky from small frozen potatoes which would otherwise have been thrown away.

Thirty-one famines later, in the summer of 1845, the danger of relying on potatoes alone was demonstrated more dreadfully than ever. Sudden blight struck the Irish crop, destroying half of it and bringing almost unendurable hardship from which the people rallied to plant again and hope for the best. A second blight struck at the end of July 1846. This time it was so swift and remorseless that by the beginning of August there was no crop left at all. And when the famine ended two years later with the good harvest of 1848, a million Irish were dead of starvation and disease and another million had been driven out of their homes and carried herded like cattle in the holds of emigrant ships across the sea to America.

At the opposite extreme to this great tragedy is the small potato required comedy of the hungry grenadiers. In 1778 Frederick the Great of Prussia decided to attack Austria and launched what would have been known as the War of the Bavarian Succession if it hadn't been one of the most ignominious episodes in military history.

When the two armies came face to face on opposite banks of the River Elbe in Bohemia it turned out the Prussian troops couldn't get enough food through from home to allow them to advance any further—not even to cross the river and tackle the waiting Austrians on the other side. There was in fact nothing for them to eat but the



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Usually such rumors die out when fair-minded people learn the truth. But some of them pop up again like ghosts out of the distant past to deceive people who have not heard them before.

The one most prevalent today is that American freedom is in danger from the anti-democratic program of the Roman hierarchy. This, to some people will sound new and alarming. Actually, there is nothing new about it.

Catholics of a century ago heard the same "alarm" that the Church was hostile to our form of government — that she was anti-republican in spirit and influence — that she would disregard our free institutions and deprive us of self-government.

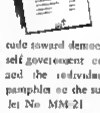
In this there is a remarkable resemblance to the "alarm" sounded against Jesus Christ Himself.

"If we let this man go," said the Savior's critics, "the Romans will come and take away our name and our nation."

Some think that Catholics should get their blood pressure up and reply angrily to these rumors. This is not necessary. We know that the American people of all faiths — with their traditional sense of justice — will boot this ugly ghost back into its closet without our help.

Even those who do not understand the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church will have to admit the falsity of this rumor — for the evidence of a hundred years contradicts it in every particular. The Catholic people always have stood shoulder to shoulder with their non-Catholic fellow citizens in building and defending our liberty and free institutions.

The rumor of today — like the rumor of a hundred years ago — does not claim that the Catholic Church is harmful to men's souls. It does not claim that the Church endangers the salvation of mankind. Its entire objection is that the Church is hostile to our political and social institutions.



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Maclean's Magazine, April 1, 1951

potatoes growing in the fields around their camp and when they had eaten them all they had to end the whole thing off and march back to Prussia. This ridiculous campaign has been called the Potato War ever since.

Fifteen years earlier a French officer named Parmentier, while a prisoner of the Prussians in another war, had also had nothing to eat but potatoes. At that time the spud was either unknown or despised in France. Parmentier learned how cheap and good they actually were and he decided potatoes would be just the thing for the peasants of his country if they could be induced to eat them.

When he got back to France he told Louis XVI about his idea and suggested with notable deference, that if the King were to sponsor potatoes at court his subjects would follow the royal example. Louis saw the point, sent for his chef—ordered him to serve potatoes in some form with dinner every night until further notice. To celebrate the first appearance of potatoes on the royal table Marie Antoinette wore a cluster of potato blossoms in the powdered curls of her hairdo.

The chef did his best to make them glamorous too, and came up with an opening-night recipe which, barring a few minor changes is still around under the name of *pommes de terre Bonny*. If you'd like to try it in your own kitchen, boil whatever quantity of potatoes seems indicated, mash them and add two ounces of finely chopped truffles and an ounce and a half of butter for every pound. You can substitute chopped mushrooms lightly cooked in butter if truffles are too hard to come by or too expensive. Shape the mixture into little plum-sized balls, dip them in beaten egg, roll them in crushed almonds and deep-fry to a rich brown.

Another potato recipe which once had royal approval is *soufere Kartoffelen* or piquant potatoes. Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria during World War I, was so fond of this dish that when his doctor put him on a starch-free diet he flatly refused to lay off it. As a footnote, forewarned not to serve his master, the faithful bypassed hors with a great silver tureen of *soufere Kartoffelen*, the old man caught a whiff of the fragrant steam and grabbed the hickey by the arm.

"Give me some!" Franz Josef roared.

"Never mind what the wretched doctor said. Am I not the Emperor? Well then do as I say. What's the use of being an emperor if I can't have potatoes when I want them?"

To make the masterful monarch's favorite boil your potatoes in their skins and while they're cooking get on with the next step—dice ¼ lb. bacon to each 2 lbs. of potatoes and fry it in a saucepan or deep skillet until the fat has melted. Then add flour (one tablespoon is just right for the 2 lb. quantity) and about a teaspoon of sugar and brown them in the fat. After that add enough water, little by little, to make a thickish sauce which should be brought rather quickly to a gentle boil. Drain the potatoes as soon as they're cooked, cut them into half inch slices, put the slices in the sauce together with a tablespoon of vinegar, another teaspoon of sugar and as much salt as suits your taste, and bring the sauce to the boil again. And there you are.

Before we go on—a word about boiling potatoes. Although this is about the simplest operation in all cookery it's amazing how few people know the secret of doing it properly—drain the potatoes the instant they're cooked and dry them out for 5 or 10 minutes over very low heat in the pot they were boiled in. The reason for prompt draining is that a cooked potato is pretty nearly as absorbent as a sponge and will go soggy almost at once if you leave it in water. And the drying out is essential if as most folks do, you like your boiled potatoes mealy.

One of the most wonderful ways of frying potatoes which I warn you is also among the trickiest, is to *soufflé* them. For this peel your potatoes extra carefully and cut them into even slices ¼-inch thick; exactness and sameness of size are an absolute must. Put the slices in cold water for 45 minutes and heat two separate frying kettles of fat, one to 370 degrees, the other to 385. Then dry the slices and drop them a few at a time into the cooler of the two kettles. When they rise to the surface whip them out quickly and lay them on two or three thicknesses of paper towelling to drain. When all the slices have gone through this process put them, small batch at a time, into the 385-degree fat. If you've handled the thing right so far the slices will swell up to plump little golden brown pillows which taste so delightful as they look. They need only to be taken from the kettle drained as before and served.

Or maybe you'd care to try a recipe I worked out myself—as heavily as a stump fence but, or so I think, with a fine smacking taste.

Start by washing and drying, but not peeling, the largest potatoes you can get, rubbing their skins with bacon fat and baking them. When they're done cut them in half lengthwise and scoop out their insides, taking care not to tear the skins. After that put the scoopings into a bowl with 2 teaspoons butter to each potato. Then chop finely the white parts of a couple of leeks put them into cold milk allowing 2 teaspoons leeks and ¼ cup milk per potato and bring the milk just to the boiling point. Add the milk and leeks to the potatoes and mash the mixture until it's light and lump free, then spoon it into the potato skins. Put the filled halves under the broiler to brown.

If you've never experimented with the dehydrated potato preparation which can be bought in stores and requires only the addition of milk and water to make fine ready-mashed potatoes I recommend you give it a whirl at the earliest opportunity. Here's how you can make a batter light *soufflé* with it.

You'll want 2½ cups of the ready mashed potatoes, moderately moist, and 3 eggs. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks foamy with a fork, pour them in with the potatoes, season with salt and pepper and stir well. Then beat the whites very stiff and fold them into the mixture a couple of spoonfuls at a time. After that, gently transfer the mixture to a well buttered casserole, dot the top thoroughly with bits of butter, and bake at 360 degrees for 30-40 minutes or until the *soufflé* is puffy and warmly brown on top.

Another thing you maybe haven't experimented with is quick frozen French fried potatoes. They come out as delicious as any you ever fried yourself (more delicious unless you're a mighty good cook).

Exotic potato recipes make a nice change now and again but the plainest ones are fine too as long as each simple step is carried out with a little care. And in the opinion of many a notable gourmet the plainest of all is close to the best.

I would give you the recipe for that, too, if it wasn't totally unnecessary. You can get it from any small boy who has ever sat beside a campfire in the open waiting for the wonderful moment when he rakes away the glowing embers and digs out the spuds rich, mealy and piping hot that have been roasting beneath them. ★



Pieces in the STOCKHOLM group shown are: End Table $29.75; Twin Settee $128.00; Coffee Table $44.00; Right Chair $74.75; Add'l. small match or magazine (not shown) End Table $22.00; Coffee Table, $27.50; Ottoman $33.75.

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I Learned to Live With Diabetes

Continued from page 21

available foods without danger of upsetting my balance. If I'm going out where food is to be served I allow for it by leaving so many units out of my regular meal.

Years ago it was not so simple. If I admitted my trouble it would cause embarrassing concern. If I tried to order in restaurants waitresses would look at me as if I were some kind of a freak.

Now people are not shocked when I tell them I am diabetic. Waitresses constantly amaze me with their understanding. I may say I want lean meat with no gravy and no potatoes. The waitress will say: "Oh sure I know. I have a friend who is diabetic. I'll get you a different vegetable if you wish."

If I were visiting your home I think you would please me most by serving whatever you usually serve and letting me select my food. You might tell me before dinner what you were having and let me tell you to leave potatoes and gravy off my plate and cream sauce off my vegetable.

The cost is high for diabetics. I pay about $4 a week for insulin and antiseptics. Sugarless jam costs 85c for 12 ounces. A package of diabetic chewing gum, same size as the usual five cent package costs 15c. A diabetic chocolate bar (the usual 1½-ounce size) costs 45c compared with 10c or less that normal people klek about. Visits to the doctor should be about once a month and each adds to the cost. All in all, I think I might operate a car for what I pay because I'm diabetic.

Boys Were Like Fudge Sundaes

In Toronto there's a special store for diabetics—called Diabetic Foods and Supplies of Canada. The woman who runs it also is solving a personal problem. She learned five or six years ago that her young daughter had diabetes. She found difficulty getting special things for her daughter, so she opened the store. She sells special foods, scales, needles, syringes.

Income tax makes no allowance for insulin costs which is hard to understand. The tax form states that you may claim the cost of an artificial limb, a spinal brace, a brace for a limb, a hearing aid or a wheel chair, but as a diabetic I'm not allowed any deduction for the cost of insulin which I must have to live.

Romance? The road thatis never smooth has a few extra bumps for a diabetic.

I was always afraid boys would find out that I was diabetic. It was embarrassing to be with a boy on a dance floor or in a movie and feel insulin shock coming on—and realize I had forgotten to bring my candy. I'd have to rush away to get fruit juice or candy, and leave the boy wondering what was the matter. If his did find out he'd get flustered and sympathetic it was obvious he felt he had an invalid on his hands.

I went with one boy for several months. We both got rather serious. Then one evening he saw me put saccharine in my coffee. When I saw his stunned expression I knew that he knew. The air seemed to freeze. He took me home—and never did return.

So boys became something like tidge sundaes—pleasant but dangerous and never to be encouraged.

In spite of my shell I met another boy. Gordon asked me to dance one night at a party. He asked me if I would go out with him. I tried to be gracious but I had to refuse.

Finally I did go out with him and we had a happy evening—too happy to be repeated. We were in front of my home and he was asking for another date. I took a deep breath and said: "I like you, Gordon. But there's something you should know. I'm a diabetic."

He refused to take me seriously. I said: "I'm not joking. Don't you know about diabetes?"

"Not a thing. But I'll listen. You can tell me about it Saturday night."

"No," I said, "I have to tell you now. Diabetes is a disease. It is not contagious, but I am likely to have it all my life. It means I can eat only certain things in strictly weighed and measured amounts. I have to have special expensive foods. My doctor bills are costly."

"I guess I'm glad you told me," Gordon said. "And now, you will come out with me Saturday night, won't you?"

I couldn't force myself to talk to him about diabetes any more. But what was bound to happen sooner or later did happen.

We were out together one evening when things suddenly started to jump before my eyes. I felt my heart speed up. I was breaking into a sweat and getting dizzy. I had nothing with me to check the insulin shock.

I remember Gordon calling a taxi and rushing me home. He had to lift me from the cab and I staggered and weaved toward the door. A woman on the street said: "Isn't that disgraceful. A young women like that drunk!"

I passed out then. When I came to he was pouring fruit juice between my lips. When I could speak I asked: "How did you know what to do?"

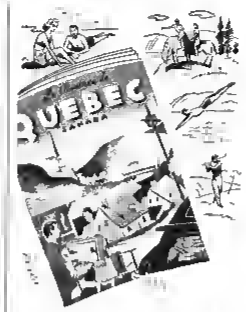
"Books," he said. "I've been reading books. I've been talking to your doctor too. And I hope you will marry me soon."

I have been very happy as Mrs. Gordon Burrell for more than seven years now. We both hold jobs. We take much pride in our home and share the housework. I have held two important secretarial jobs in advertising agencies. For some time I have been secretary to the advertising manager of a large textile firm. I attend night school twice a week, learning dressmaking.

I wouldn't take a long trip without having a bag of fruit with me, but with modern treatment and equipment I can go anywhere alone any time. Even Gordon doesn't worry any more about me being out alone.

I was recently offered life insurance by two companies.

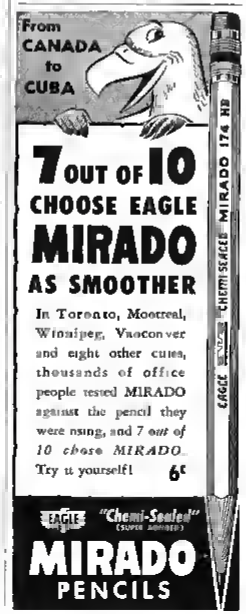
I would like to be cured, of course. But I wonder sometimes if diabetes hasn't brought me more good than it has taken away. It made me learn self control. And when you get to know people you don't find many who haven't some dominant troubles. I'm not sure that I'd want to trade places with them. ★



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481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario

Running Out of Water

Continued from page 25

in Forest's wells has 90 to 110 feet below the surface and the wells must be 150 feet deep to supply the town's needs.

For 10 years Preston, Ont. drew water from two springs and two wells but practically every summer the supply was inadequate. Twenty four test holes were drilled in a frantic search for new water sources but every try was another failure. In August, 1945, their 25th attempt struck water at 297 feet. Preston now has enough water for present needs but those 24 dry holes are a grim reminder that there is a slim surplus left for future expansion.

London, Ont. originally depended on springs for its water, but as the population soared the springs dried up. Now water is drawn from 32 wells and provincial authorities have warned that the city is always just a jump ahead of disastrous water famine. The only long term alternatives are extensive reforestation and other conservation practices to get water back into the soil, or a costly pipe line to Lake Erie 25 miles away.

Regina and Moose Jaw started out as prairie towns where the nearest large water source was the South Saskatchewan River, about 100 miles away. But wells fed from sloughs seemed to yield an inexhaustible supply. Then farmers drained the sloughs, plowed them up for grain fields. Ducks which had depended on those sloughs moved northward, but Regina and Moose Jaw couldn't move. They grew instead into cities demanding seven million gallons of water a day.

Here's Real Perpetual Motion

Last year Regina notified the Federal Government it could carry on no longer and would need immediate financial assistance for a 100 mile canal and piping project to the South Saskatchewan. Cost: $6 millions (some engineers say $8 millions). Regina says it can handle only $2 millions of the bill. The province has offered to chip in another $2 millions but wants it paid back out of water revenues which threws at least two thirds of the cost back on the city.

Winnipeg went through the same growing pains 30 years ago. Originally it had an excellent underground source. Wells tapped soil where water under pressure shot up well casings and spouted four feet above ground. But by 1920 Winnipeg's wells would no longer serve its growing population. Today most of its water comes from Shoal Lake on the Manitoba Ontario boundary through a costly 38-mile pipe line.

Spectacular as some of these stories are the real menace of our disappearing water is on farmlands. Fifty gallons of water are needed to produce one ear of corn. And soil fertility depends on water: without water soil becomes desert.

G. Gordon O'Brien, general secretary of the Agricultural Institute of Canada, said recently: "In spite of better varieties of grain, larger amounts of fertilizer and improved methods of producing crops average yields of hay and oats remain stationary. Our soil is not as good as it used to be."

Orchardists submitting evidence to the Ontario Legislature's committee on conservation last year pointed to lower peach yields and said that unless an irrigation system was established the highly productive Niagara fruit belt would eventually fail to produce peaches economically.

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To a city dweller the water supply is a vague and distant matter carefully flagged behind miles of plumbing. Rain falls as far as the city man can see is just an irritating phenomenon always stopping ball games when the horses seem to be winning.

But to the farmer the water supply is a problem as pressing as taxes. In 1948 two infants in the Regina area died—12 were sent to hospital with cyanosis—a condition that reduces the blood's oxygen-carrying capacity. Well waters dropped so low that the concentration of nitrate poison in some wells rose to 1,300 parts per million. (The danger point: 20 parts per million.) Neglected well tops permitted the contamination to get in, but low water caused the dangerous concentration.

Meteorological records show there is as much rain falling on Canada as there ever was (420 million gallons per square mile per year). What then is happening to our water?

The answer lies in what scientists know as the "hydrologic cycle." Water chases itself around in a gigantic circle from oceans and lakes to the atmosphere to the land back to oceans and lakes again. It evaporates from the large water surfaces, enters the atmosphere as a vapor. It rises, cools, condenses into clouds, the clouds into rain or snow. Ninety per cent falls back into the oceans. The 10% carried over land before it falls has to get back to the oceans the best way it can and, on its road back, a million forms of life from dandelions to mankind are waiting to grab off their bit, use it, then send it on its way again.

For things happen to rainfall. Some evaporates directly. Some runs off the soil into rivers, eventually into the oceans. Some is held in the surface soil where it absorbs minerals and feeds the plants that feed us. The rest sinks deep into the subsoil where it joins the vast underground reservoir of water moving slowly seaward under practically all of the earth's surface.

This last, the groundwater, is the balance wheel which keeps nature's waterworks functioning smoothly. It is the reserve that feeds springs, wells and rivers. When surface soil dries out between rains, groundwater moves up to replenish it and keep vegetation growing. It was a perfect system—until man knocked the balance wheel off balance.

Nature had erected an intricate bodily system to prevent rainfall and melting snows from running off too rapidly into creeks and rivers. Slowing down the run-off assured that plenty of water would seep into the soil and build up the groundwater reservoir. Keystone of the baffle system was the forests which caught rainfall and forced it to leak slowly through to the ground where a rest of mosses and decaying leaves soaked it up like a dry sponge. A scientist has computed that a square mile of moss will hold 100 million gallons of water. In spring, forests shaded the snow and kept it from melting faster than the soil could absorb it. Or the prairies drank gone did as efficient a water-holding job as the forests elsewhere. Fourth marshes and forest bogs trapped water that the soil couldn't immediately absorb. And even water that overcame these obstacles and reached a creek still faced the going tough in its seaward pilgrimage; for every half mile or so an energetic troop of beavers had thrown up a dam.

Heads, Drought, Tails, Flood

When man came he needed agricultural land and soon forests and swamps had to go. He did his job too efficiently. He stripped off the barriers and springtime water raced pellmell across his sloping fields into flooding rivers. Then the water was gone in a wild spree of destruction, until spring time brought it back to the land again.

Says Professor A. F. Coventry of Toronto's leading conservation expert: "Spring floods and summer droughts are opposite sides of the same bad penny: heads, drought; tails, flood. And in either case we lose."

On March 16, 1942, one and a half inches of rain fell on land drained by the West Humber River, near Toronto. At 11 a.m. on March 17, 4,000 cubic feet of water per second was tumbling down the flooded stream. Scientists computed that half of all the water which fell on the basin of the West Humber was in Lake Ontario, lost to man, 12 hours after the rain. The following September less than one cubic foot of water per second was flowing down the river, and many farmers were drawing water because wells were dry.

In 1937 a survey of King township, northwest of Toronto, revealed that of its 200 miles of streams which originally flowed throughout the year, only 30 miles are now permanent. The other 170 miles flood in spring, become bone-dry in summer. In spring there are 1,535 miles of creeks and rivers flowing in the area between Toronto and the west end of Lake Ontario. In an average summer only 500 miles of them contain water.

We cannot cover Canada with forests and swamps again and live on beans instead of wheat. But there is much we can do to reduce the springtime water run-off to a walk—so that will last all year.

Forest engineers say that 15% to 20% of the land (prairie land excepted) should be forested to maintain a reasonable balance in the water cycle under a climate such as Canada's. Southern Ontario is now less than 10% forest land; many counties less than 5%. We have not only stripped trees from agricultural land, we have deforested 5,000 square miles of land so infertile that only trees will grow on it. Germany, though fighting for living space, in two wars nevertheless has 27% of its land in forest. The Dutch have even created forests on land reclaimed at enormous cost from the sea.

Canada, at the rate it is now reforesting its ever-cleared agricultural areas, will not have adequate forest cover until 2750—if runaway water hasn't carried all of our topsoil into the oceans long before that time. Yet the income tax law offers only a bert to the penny to the farmer who tries to preserve what woodlots he has. If he sells his woodlot holus bolus to a lumberman it is capital gain, not subject to tax. If he harvests trees a few each year as they mature, leaving the woodlot intact, he pays income tax on the revenue. He is penalized when he does the right thing.

No Rain in the Garden of Eden

On the fields themselves water running off can be slowed to a crawl by practices now widely followed in the U.S., but largely ignored as yet in Canada. Two of the most effective methods: permanent sod pasture on steep hillsides, contour plowing on all cultivated slopes.

Grass is a potent protector against soil erosion and excessive run-off. In a test on gently sloping fields at the Central Experimental Farms, Ottawa, corn fields lost 289 tons of water per acre in run-off, while 2½ tons per acre of corn increases and erosion by at least 100 times. William Vogt, in his book "Road to Survival," says the two most damaging contributions of the Americas to civilization have been corn and syphilis. Of the two, he says, corn has murdered the greatest misery by tearing down soil and promoting human hunger in most lands to which it has spread.

The biggest contributor to water loss from cultivated fields is the vaunted straight furrow. Every furrow becomes a ditch, leading water downhill. In contour plowing furrows are laid out horizontally across the slopes, following the contour of the land in a wavy pattern. Each furrow thus becomes a dam trapping water.

The U.S. Conservation Service measured run-off from two identical fields, one cultivated on the contour, the other cultivated up and down the slope in the usual way. The straight-furrow field lost 10.3% of the water from each rainfall. The contour-cultivated field lost one tenth of one per cent.

Studies have proved that contour plowing, by forcing water to seep into the soil, increases yields as much as 30%. It also conserves gasoline, horses and machinery, for the plow horse or tractor is always moving on a level plane.

Dams, ponds, strip-cropping terracing on hillsides, snowmen following prairie shelterbelts to cut down drying winds—there are numerous ways to conserve water and get it into the soil. We don't lack the know how of water conservation, we lack water appreciation.

If the lessons of New York, Regina and our hundreds of miles of floods today and dry tomorrow streams are still to be ignored, perhaps history can make the lesson clearer. For the great civilizations of Babylon, Persia, Egypt and Rome are dead today, not because they lost their wars, but because they lost their water.

Five thousand years ago Mesopotamia's valley of the Tigris and Euphrates possessed a fertility legend. Agronomic experts who believed that here lay the lush Garden of Eden in which the human race began. Babylon's population grew, the land was overgrazed and overcultivated to feed them. Today it is as sterile a desert as now on earth. Where did its fertile soil go?

The Old Testament gives history a grimmest clue to the life-destroying might of misused water. The cities of Ur of the Chaldees and Eridu were once seaports on the Persian Gulf. Today they are 200 miles inland. For 200 miles of the Persian Gulf were filled solid with the soil that had made Babylon great.

It can't happen here?

When the Humber River was one of its periodic flood spreads in 1942 University of Toronto scientists measured the silt content of just one of its three branches. It was carrying 2,700 tons of soil per hour into Lake Ontario.

The Humber is one of Canada's smallest rivers. ★



Luscious Lemon 4-Decker Cake



A Spring treat that's easy to make with MAGIC

Magic planned this delightful surprise for change-of-season appetites! You make it ... enjoy that inward glow as guests exult over its lemony-luscious goodness ... it's your very own baking!

Really it's no trick at all to turn out a delicious feather light cake like this! Simply trust time-tested Magic Baking Powder! Economical—for Magic protects costlier ingredients—itself costs less than 1¢ per average baking. Use Magic for best results whenever you bake.

LEMON 4-DECKER CAKE

2¼ cups sifted pastry flour
or 2 cups sifted all purpose flour
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
10 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 cup fine granulated sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

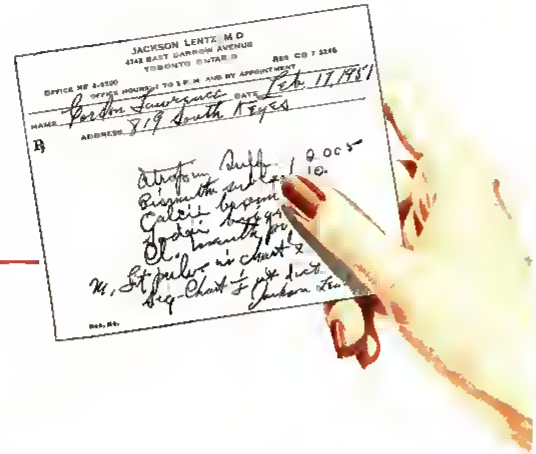
Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine gradually blend in sugar; add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and remembering lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven about 25 minutes. Split layers of cold cake and put all together with lemon cake filling (recipe with 7 minute frosting flavored with vanilla and lemon extract, decorate with well drained maraschino cherries.

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One of a series of advertisements designed to help you know your pharmacist better

How Good Is Your Credit?

Continued from page 13

of willingness to pay your debts.

Capacity—your ability to pay up as indicated by your income in contrast to your living expenses and the amount of debt you already owe.

Capital—the assets you own which can guarantee payment.

But various credit sources look at the three C's from quite different angles before they decide to entrust you with their merchandise or cash.

A banker is usually most conservative, because he's lending other people's money and lends it at the lowest rate. He'll be interested in your general reputation, financial record, employment stability, but especially in what other assets you have that will ensure the safe-keeping of those funds.

A merchant is more interested in selling goods. Credit is one of his finest successful tools for doing it. Because his profit on the goods helps cover the risk of selling them on credit he is more liberal with credit than a bank. He'll check with the bureau primarily to see what your record of payment is, and that you don't already have too many outstanding debts.

A small loan company will be most interested in your employment record and domestic affairs. But these lenders will more often talk to your wife than your employer. They'll send a man to visit your home. The ostensible purpose is to see the household goods on which they take a chattel mortgage to guarantee you'll repay the loan. Actually the visitor will be more interested in whether your house is well kept and you and your wife seem to get along well. The loan experts know that a family which takes pride in its home will break its neck to pay back, since otherwise the chattel mortgage entitles the lender to seize the furnishings. The loan company really doesn't want the furniture and rarely seizes it, since it can recover little from it. It's the marital situation that counts with this lender.

Of all people who give credit, doctors are most lenient and suffer the biggest losses. Even dentists are better businessmen—perhaps it's because a dentist knows roughly what your bill will total before he starts. During the depression of the 30s it was common for doctors to collect only about 50% of their fees and some had to go on relief because they collected so little. Even today some doctors lose 10% of their fees through non-payment. In comparison the larger stores average only one half of one per cent loss on all the credit they extend, and smaller stores just a little more.

Your File Follows You

The bureau system reports your credit standing to members with rare speed. An hour after you leave your appliance at a store or bank the bureau can have a report on you. At one Toronto credit bureau, when a store phones your name, a clerk immediately gets out your file, notes all which stores you have accounts and queries them by phone or two-way telautograph. She then calls the enquiring member and gives a verbal report, summarizing your past paying habits and current indebtedness. The merchant thus knows not only your record but also how deeply you're in hock now and whether or not this new debt might saddle you completely.

If a written report is requested, as in the case of a large credit purchase or by an employer, insurance or mortgage company, it may also cover such items as your residence stability, employment record and marital status, character and estimate of financial worth.

Even if you just breeze in from a small town where there's no bureau, the credit agency can get a quick reading on your financial character. The Associated Credit Bureaus have

JASPER **By Simpkins**



"Wake up everyone—it's spring!"



"...and I think Avon lipsticks are sensational! Sincerely, Claudette Colbert"



"These creamy Avon lipsticks have such luscious colors—enhances lovely Hollywood skin. Claudette Colbert, and their lasting ability is amazing. Any discriminating woman would be proud of the women's choice, too."

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We'll use her when she calls!



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Don't accept less than this modern 3-way protection against trouble and repair bills. Insist on Mobiloil ... backed by years of advanced, pioneering motor oil research.

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and leading dealers everywhere

divided Canada into 74 territories, each centred on a major bureau. Each bureau is responsible for selecting and training correspondents in its territory. Some farmer fellow townsman thus sends on the desired information.

Consumer credit ratings ebb and flow with your own personal fortunes. They don't lend themselves easily to the coded symbols used by trade credit bureaus which rate the credit standing of businessmen themselves. But occasionally the bureaus do rate credit seekers by symbols. In case you never come across these letters adjoining your name you'll know what they mean:

A) Top credit rating
B) Get a detailed report before granting credit.
C) Don't sell him!
D) No experience with this applicant

Such ratings are never permanent. The only coded symbol regularly used to designate a credit rating is "P.A.I." meaning "paid as agreed." That's a top rating on any credit transaction. If you've got that next to your name you can walk into almost any store, carry out a load of merchandise and pay later.

Your credit rating is a really vital matter to you. A good rating not only helps you get credit when you need it, but also gets it for you at lowest cost. A slow payer often has to pay a higher interest rate. Your rating sometimes affects your job chances and also may determine whether a trust company will accept a mortgage on your house, an insurance firm your application for a policy or an apartment house manager your bid for a flat.

Watch Those Charge Accounts!

The manager of one large bureau who like all credit men has a passion for anonymity... says there are two basic ways to keep your credit rating good: 1. Pay your bills, 2. If you find yourself running behind, get in touch with the people you owe (before they get in touch with you), explain your predicament and ask for an extension of time, or a reduction in the amount you pay each week or month.

If you're staggering under a load of unpaid bills or suspect that past incidents have marred your rating (an infrequent lapse need not worry you if you've been fairly prompt), it's a sound idea to visit the credit bureau itself and explain why you got into a jam. One man found he had contracted too many obligations and went to the local bureau. He laid his bills on the table. The manager was impressed. Together they toted up the bills, estimated the minimum amount the family needed for living expenses and earmarked the rest to pay off the bills. The manager then phoned the creditors and recommended a schedule of small regular payments for each from the amount the man could reserve from his income. The manager even persuaded a fuel oil company to allow the family additional credit.

That doesn't mean the family's lapse didn't go into that all-knowing file. But so did the fact that the man had voluntarily sought an arrangement with his creditors.

The same credit manager had less success with another man who cried for help in fighting off his creditors. Every time the manager helped out, the man's wife would send her charge accounts on a new flight. Since the man was responsible for his wife's debts, and apparently had no control over them, the manager finally had to give him up to the bill collectors.

A wise family cleans up unpaid bills before moving from one town to another. If you don't have the money it's best to tell your creditors where you're going and what you will do about their bills. Otherwise, you'll start off with a bad credit name in the next town.

Most people are honest and pay their bills. Then why the elaborate checking on their financial biographies? Because there's a small persistent minority which doesn't pay its bills either intentionally or through consistent mismanagement of its money. If you want to look at it this way, the credit bureaus help the honest and reasonably punctual majority get credit without red tape, embarrassment and the long investigation the individual merchant or banker otherwise would have to make himself.

According to Carl Flemington, manager of the Toronto bureau and former president of the Associated Bureaus of Canada, quite honest people sometimes get into credit jams because they're over optimistic about future income and they find it easy to spend anticipated funds by buying on credit.

How Much Can You Owe?

There are still charge accounts of course. Merchants encourage them not only as a convenience to customers but because charge customers seldom shop around for bargains as much as families buying for cash; merchants find them more profitable. But there's a limit on how long you can let a charge account run without making a move at settlement (a full 60 days usually is considered long enough).

"Revolving credit" is a comparatively new type halfway between a charge account and an instalment plan. The merchant sets a limit say of $80 on your credit, and you agree to pay $15 a month. As soon as you pay off part you can get more goods to restore your debt to the specified limit. You do pay a credit charge although it's often less than on an instalment plan.

How much debt can a family safely carry? A reasonable limit might run anywhere from five to 20% of annual income, depending on the family's situation. The variables include the number of children in the family, whether it has certain fixed expenses beyond its control such as unusual medical costs and high rent. The most conservative lenders and merchants like to see the average family limit its debts to about 10% of income.

The average debt for every man, woman and child in Canada in 1949 was $120, and the per capita income that year was about $950—obviously the average family has been running over the 10% ceiling.

If this includes your family you can be sure Canada's credit bureaus know about it. And you can be sure too, they're constantly checking on how you treat your present credit to help their clients decide whether to give you any more in future. ★

Beginning Next Issue:

WE FOUND THE LAST WILD WEST

By Richmond P. Hobson, Jr.

Radio's First Lady

Continued from page 11

to the plight of families whose homes were flooded last fall in a Hamilton suburb called Van Wagner's Beach, she was right on the spot serving coffee, filling sandbags and broadcasting appeals for clothing for the wet, cold flood-fighting men.

Besides every imaginable article of clothing and food in one year she gave away 450 dogs, one of these worth $500 and expects her sponsors to come up with birthday cakes and flowers when one of her protégés or a long-time listener has a birthday. They do.

In the year and a half she has conducted her two current programs, sponsors have wanted to line to have her mention their products. Once accepted, they have to measure up to the standards Jane expects in serving the public. One man presented her with a couple of chickens as a sample of his plucked, ready-to-cook fowl. Jane liked and advertised them. Her listeners obediently patronized the merchant, found the quality lacking and complained. Jane's sponsor said: "I can't help if a few feathers are left on. We mean are getting too lazy."

"That's not the way you talked when you wanted to get on the air," Jane snapped. "I'm not fooling my friends." And he went off the air. Sometimes she convinces merchants or firms of the error of their ways and, after a motherly scolding keeps them on.

In 60 years in radio Jane has produced plays, brought Sunday school to the air and delivered talks on beauty, making etiquette and family problems. She told horoscopes once in return for a bottle top from a laxative called Mus-Kee-Kee.

NEXT ISSUE

SID KATZ TELLS ABOUT

A MARRIAGE THAT ALMOST FAILED

and how one young couple solved their problems

She started her career in 1925 in London, Ont., as Elsie Gray, an English war bride with three children (Buddy, Dorothy and Kent) and an invalid husband. She had performed in English music halls and entertained World War I troops before coming to Canada. Faced with the necessity of earning her family's living she marched up to the London Free Press building where a young couple named Scott were struggling with an experimental station in a roof-top room. Elsie Gray went on the air reading poetry.

That broadcast cost her a dollar. The first 50 cents went in the nickels she fed into a pay telephone asking friends to listen to her; the second 50 cents calling them back hopeful of praise. Most had forgotten to listen. But the bug had bitten Elsie Gray.

First thing she did was change her name. Elsie Gray—a numerologist told her was an unlucky combination. Jane Gray counted up to luck. So Jane Gray she became.

Radio in Toronto offered more opportunity and Jane badgered sports caster Foster Hewitt, then the golden-haired young manager of the Toronto Star station CFCA, into letting her



An amazing new 25 h.p. motor with Forward-Neutral-Reverse Gear shift for complete manoeuvrability; Synchronized Twist Grip control for smooth transition from breathtaking get away to slowest trolling. Plug-in Cruis-a-Day fuel tank for long range cruising. It's light in weight too. See the Big Twin today and the other 1951 Evinrudes . . . 1.5 h.p. Sportsman and 3.3 h.p. Sportwin with Fisherman Drive; 7.5 h.p. Fleetwin with Dura-Clutch; 14 h.p. Fastwin with Gearshift and Cruis-a-Day Tank.

Write for 1951 literature and "Sportsman's Handbook"

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WHEN there's a community effort on foot, chances are you'll find the Royal Bank Manager on the committee. He is often called on to act because Royal Bankers have earned a solid reputation as public spirited citizens. And so it is right down the line, from the Manager to the youngest clerk. Royal Bankers are encouraged to pull their weight in all worthwhile endeavours, for the interests of the bank and the community are one.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



produce half-hour mystery plays—without pay. That was the birth of Canada's first radio theatre, the Jane Gray Players.

In 1936 Ernest Bushnell, new director general of programs for CBC, asked her to move to his station, CKNC, at $40 a week. From her backing of 10 amateur actors (including Donald Gordon, then a bank clerk, new president of the CNR, salesman William Strang, now a commander and Director of Naval Information in the RCN—plus deserted housewives and housewives) she could usually find each program. They didn't get paid. However, when little Bobby Breen, who later went to success in Hollywood, took children's parts he got 50 cents for candy.

The list of her announcers reads like a roster not of a radio Who's Who. Besides Bushnell, there were Rupert Lucas, now a producer and master of ceremonies; Andrew Allan, supervisor of drama on CBC and regarded by many as the top producer of radio drama in North America; Wes Barran, the voice of Paramount News in Canada; Alan Savage, on the staff of the Cockfield Brown advertising firm and the director and producer of the Third Degree; Sean Francis Cunningham, No. 1 quizmaster, and the late Jim Henders, who is said to have had the largest audience of any Canadian newscaster.

Princess for a Medicine Man

To get sponsors Jane would tackle shopkeepers, beauty shop operators and restaurant owners. Later she'd try to make their pay ng. For one $5 from a hairdressing establishment she had to go back 11 times. One of her best sponsors was a roadhouse keeper. But police clamped down on his gambling business. "Lost a good sponsor," Jane recalls.

For a while she did well enough to buy her own time ($10 an hour) and in one three-month period she had 30 shows. "It was a lot of hustling, but you made a lot of money," Jane says. In addition on Saturday mornings she would hold a drama school in a rented hotel dining room.

Jane often would hang around the studio after her drama program, hoping for bit parts. One afternoon Maurice Ruskin, then program director at CKCL, turned to her. "Write me a 15-minute play, Jane," he said. "I need it for 7 p.m." She did—for nothing.

She stayed to watch it put on and, coming out of the studio, ran into a hulky, gruff-voiced man. "You wrote that play?" the man demanded. She nodded. "How'd you like to write plays for me? I'm George Lifton."

Lifton, according to his story, had acquired a secret Cree Indian recipe for a laxative. He was anxious to let the public know about it. He decked Jane out as an Indian Princess, Mus Kee-Kee (name of the medicine) and she began to promote the product with a Dorothy Dix-ish radio program. You could get the solution to marital problems, mother-in-law troubles or love triangles by sending Jane a Mus Kee-Kee bottle top.

Lifton insisted on the constant masquerade. Traveling across Canada and broadcasting in each city, Jane was expected to get into her make-up and wig even before hotel maids turned up to make her bed. Broadcasting three times a day she averaged 1,000 letters a day for three months. Once in a Detroit drugstore where she was to appear the crowd tore beads off her costume and she suffered a broken rib in the crush.

In Fort William in 1932 she came down with rheumatic fever from wearing only a thin buckskin smock in the wintry Great Lakes cold. George Lifton was not of the Samaritan tribe. No progress, no money, he said. There were the three kids, cared for by a friend in Toronto. Mrs. David Stanley, to look after. (Jane is separated from her husband.) For 12 weeks Jane broadcast from a hospital bed with a nurse holding letters for her.

Jane was fed up with Mus Kee-Kee and her boss by the time she left the hospital. She resigned, made a quiet appearance in Port William and Port Arthur to pay her hospital bills and went to Winnipeg. She went on the air no plein Jane Gray again, broadcasting other people's troubles. She also collected verses and sayings and sold a pamphlet-sized book plus a horoscope for a dollar, until she had enough for her fare back to Toronto.

It was now 1935. Jobs were scarce. Jane looked around for grocery money. For a time she set up in Ottawa as a numerologist. Members of parliament, cabinet ministers even dignified, silver-haired ex-premier Arthur Meighen came to consult her.

That summer she opened a teashop on the highway between North Bay and Callander. Her children and Mrs. Stanley came from Toronto to help. The day they were to open they stacked the ice box with steaks, chickens and Lake Nipissing whitefish. Not a single customer turned up. The family feasted for a week, went broke to two and had to close up.

In Toronto there was a letter waiting from R. M. Blair, an American promoter who had caught Jane's Mus Kee-Kee programs in Windsor. He had an Indian core called Kick-a-poo. Would she go to Panama as Princess Kick-a-poo to advertise it? Jane accepted, but arrangements took nearly a year to complete. While waiting she invented a face cream and toothpaste recipes which she advertised and sold for 10 cents on self-bought radio time. She toured Canada again with her horoscopes, sending notices to newspapers before her arrival. "Jane Gray is coming."

Finally in 1938 the trip to Panama materialized. Her contract was for six months but nine weeks after her arrival she found in her stack of fan mail a letter from a physician in Calgary. "Come home immediately. Your son Buddy is dying of cancer." Jane signed on as a stewardess on a Norwegian freighter bound from Panama to Vancouver and got home in time to watch her 19 year old son die. Behind her, made during the frantic days she waited for a boat, were 75 transcriptions of the broadcasts which completed her contract.

The day after Buddy's funeral, her other son, 17 year-old Kee (now studying art at the Ontario College of Art) joined the Navy for six years.

Radio was growing up. Jane Gray's breathless, homey, ad-libbing manner succeeded corny beside the new sophisticalion. Broadcasting was beginning to have its own written rules of how things should be done. The contradiction seems to be that those who break them who do second-corny stuff warmly continue to get strange checks support.

Jane wrote her name on more available waiting lists for bit parts at CBC programs as at other stations. Radio people no longer hustled for sponsors, no longer took pies, permanents, shoes or fish for a payment. The business had got dignified. She tried out for the Army Shows and discovered that while she'd been busy at her vigorous life age had crept up.

"You're too old," a young producer told her bleakly. "Perhaps one of these days but parts Cockney roles—we'll let you know."

And then one day in Montreal she and her friend Mrs. Stanley were passing a swanky show window. The entire display consisted of a man in a rich evening coat, silver-knobbed cane and silk hat. Jane stared at the window. "What that design needs is a mongrel Scottie," she said. She'd sewn her children's toys for years.

They spent the remainder of their cash on black material, stuffing, needles and thread. In a couple of hours Jane was back at the shop with a ready Scottie and her suggestion. The manager looked at the material, punch, stroked the chin and allowed in it like three grand.

Those were war years and materials were scarce. Jane had a gruesome memory of the rich velours and ribbons she saw coffins. She went to the nearest funeral parlor and stalked her business. "I have you any bits and pieces of materials?" she asked. "Mailman," said the frock coated gentleman, "Do you know what place this is?" Jane explained and completed her purchase.

There Are Always Dimes

The two women set up all night sewing Scotties. The next day they sold the entire lot and found new orders waiting from a department store.

What with sorties into toymaking and occasional radio roles the war years rolled by. Daughter Dorothy, married (now divorced) to a Calgary lad in the Canadian Army Dental Corps, presented Jane with a grandson, Christopher. Ken got back from the Navy. And one day a vigorous earnest young man, Kee Seble, making a name for himself as the owner of an up-and-coming private broadcasting station in Hamilton, sought Jane out.

"Remember me?" he asked. "I used to be with the Jane Gray Players." He hired her. Since then she hasn't looked back.

"Radio's my life," Jane says. "Radio is my love. It was like coming home to come back to two programs a day, listening to people's troubles and joys, sharing them. I'm as excited as a child at Christmas every morning these days. You never know what's going to happen."

But the ups and downs regs to riches—did these never frighten her?

"Why no," Jane said recently. "There are always dimes. I brought up three kids on dimes. And there are always Scotties you can make. And if you have a really difficult situation to meet, an important sponsor to see, why all you do is go out and buy a new green hat and you're set for anything." ★





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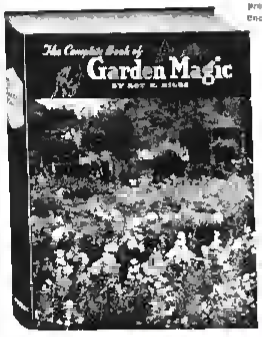
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Anniversary

Continued from page 19

shouted a greeting up to Harrison, the veteran hagger who was driving the extra.

"Got a lot of valuable cargo tonight, Mr. Morton," the engineer called down.

Morton waved at him and started back along the line of darkened cars. Valuable human cargo in that silent, sleeping train—going West. Only a few years ago he remembered trains like this one had roared through the night eastbound and he had worked to keep them rolling, one after another, faster and faster, until the steel rails were thin.

And now it was happening again—darkened sleeping cars and new uniforms hanging in booths where boys slept. Boys like his son, Frank, who had taken a train out of here one day and had not come back from the last war. It did not seem so long ago. Now, as he walked close to the cars and heard the escaping steam, it seemed frighteningly like only yesterday.

HE WAS deep in his thoughts when he saw the quick gleam of a cigarette and came across a lone figure sitting on the steps of an open vestibule. He was a soldier in uniform and he was huddled up against the cold.

"Hello," Morton said.

A face appeared out of the collar of a greatcoat. It was an astonishingly young face, with red cheeks and eyes that the platform lights suggested were bright blue.

"Oh—hi!"

"Got a sleep?"

"No." The boy stood up. His voice was raid western and inclined to drawl. "Say, dad, are you with the railway by any chance?"

"Ded!" Morton felt the end of his nose twitch suddenly.

"Yes, I am," he acknowledged.

"Well, listen, dad, maybe you can tell me for sure. A train left the Coast yesterday for the East. We should be passing it pretty soon, eh?"

"Yes, in the next hour or so."

Hope seemed to rise in the very young voice. "And maybe we'll be stopped beside each other for a while?"

Morton looked at the blue eyes. "No," he said. "He'll meet you in a passing track at Mileage 42. I was at here. You won't be stopping."

The boy swore softly and flung away his cigarette.

"Boy," he said bitterly, "I don't mind being in the army, but it sure can mess up a guy's business. Honey's on that train."

"Honey?"

"My girl," the soldier said. "Coming East with her folks. Coming to see me after all these months and how I been waiting! So what do you think? It's all set, all hunkedon, the big reunion and then the army says, Buster, we're shipping you to a draft for Fort Lewis, Washington." He eyed Morton. "Couldn't you get the engineer to spring a leak in the steam box or something?"

Morton asked, "Did you wire Honey?"

The boy nodded. "I did. But maybe too late. Anyway, her folks wouldn't let her stay out there alone. Even though we're going to be married. We would have been married now, if this flap hadn't happened."

Fort Lewis, Washington, Morton was thinking. Tacoma. McChord Field. The jumping-off spot.

Well, anyway," the soldier said, "thanks for the information. I suppose I can wave when the other train goes past. Then I can write and tell her I waved. That would be something, maybe. Or what do you think—do you think it would make her feel bad?" There was a note of desperation in his voice.

"I can't say. I don't know, Honey."

"You should," the boy declared. He fished for another cigarette. "Maybe I've talking too much, and anyway it's not the railroad's fault. But this kind of tough. I just wanted to say hello and so-long for now—" He smiled bravely and the smile made Morton wince. "Of course I'll probably see her again pretty soon, but this was such a swell chance."

I'll see you soon, Morton was thinking. Perhaps his son Frank had said that to a girl, somewhere. He himself had once said it to Martha long before this youngster was born.

"Come over to the station," Morton said. "There's some hot coffee there."

The soldier followed him to the station door and when they entered the candlestick frowned a little.

Morton leaned against the edge of the operator's table and thoughtfully watched the boy listen as he talked to the conductor about the train and the meals aboard and Morton was thinking. Go easy. He's just one of hundreds of other kids aboard that train; he's not unique, nothing special. You don't even know his name.

He heard the boy tell the conductor: "I was hoping I'd see my girl. She's on her way east. My buddies and I figured out the timetable and we thought I might have a chance at some station around here, but I guess it wasn't in the cards—"

HE didn't remind Morton of Frank. The boy was short and pink-cheeked and Frank had been tall and lanky, with sharp features. And yet—

I can give this kid a memory, Morton thought. A memory of a meone he loves. I can give him a brief pleasure to remember and hold close to him wherever he goes and whatever happens to him. That's what a soldier needs.

Suddenly, with the decisiveness of a railroader, Morton had made up his mind. Looking once more at the boy, thinking of the troop train rushing to another war, he knew what he was going to do.

"What's the report on No. 12?" he asked the operator.

"He's out of Rockcliff."

Morton dug for his watch, then studied a timetable spread out in front of the operator. The boy was still talking to the train conductor and Phipps.

"We could stop him at Boulder," Morton said, half to himself.

"There's no operator at Boulder," Phipps said. He looked surprised.

Morton glanced at his watch again. "I could make it on a speeder," he said.

He was aware that Phipps and the conductor glanced quickly at each other and that the operator raised his head.

"But," said Phipps uncertainly, "Boulder is west of Mileage 42, the original meet. If you pull No. 12 at Boulder he'll have a 15 minute wait before the troop train goes through."

"Yes," said Morton, "that's how I figure it. He'll get leeway to make up the time east of here. It won't interfere with the schedule."

"Yes I know, Mr. Morton but—"

Morton knew what he meant by "but." The "but" was riding probably asleep, in the private business car attached to the tail end of eastbound No. 12. His name was Watson Carruthers and he was vice-president of the road.

The soldier had finished his coffee. He said, "Well, thanks for the coffee, fellows. Guess I'd better be getting aboard."

"Wait a minute," Morton said. He knew now inside him that he couldn't let the boy go. He went to the telephone and asked the operator for a number. A busy signal answered him.

"Phone my wife, will you?" he asked Phipps. "Tell her I'll be a little longer."

He followed the soldier on to the wet platform.

"Ever go A.W.O.L.?" he asked.

The boy looked at him. "Not seriously," he said.

"I don't mean seriously. I mean for a short time. Like taking a ride with me on a speeder, west of here. To meet the eastbound passenger train."

The blue eyes widened. "Is that what all that talk was about? You don't really mean it?"

"You'll have about 10 minutes to find your Honey. Do you think you can do it in that time?"

The boy was almost treading on Morton's heels as they walked past the locomotive and crossed over to a small shed. Morton opened the doors and brought out a machine that looked like a hand-car without the pump handles.

He started the gasoline motor and switched the car on to the main line under the gleam of Extra 3555's headlight.

"Hop on," he told the soldier.

The boy hesitated. "I like this idea fine, Dad," he said uncertainly. "But there's just one little item I'd like to check on. How do I get back?"

Morton smiled. "Your train will have orders to stop at a place called Boulder, just long enough for you to get aboard."

The soldier took a seat on the opposite side of the speeder from Morton, behind the motorcycle type windshield.

MORTON put the speeder in gear. The little motor increased its pett-putt and they started to move down the track, away from the glare of the troop train. The speeder's small headlight shone on wet tracks and snow covered ties, eating them up faster and faster as Morton opened the throttle.

They swung around a bend and behind them the troop train's locomotive and the station and the lights of the town vanished. The roadbed became lonely and wet and cold, tweeting and teeming on a single track through the canyons.

Why am I doing it? Morton suddenly thought. Why am I rushing like a madman through a dark night on a half freezing speeder, to stop a train ahead of schedule? Why didn't I let them meet as arranged at Mileage 42, and let the board go clear and hurry home to the warm house and join what's left of the party?

He felt the boy's shoulder against his. The speeder swerved and ran for a high level bridge. A deep, unseen gorge opened underneath them, echoing the clanking wheels in the darkness and Morton was conscious that the pressure of the shoulder increased.

"Hold on," he shouted.

"I'm glued on!" the boy shouted. He was doing that he knew, because

NEXT ISSUE: MIKE PEARSON'S STORY by BLAIR FRASER

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if Frank because the kid beside him might not come back.

When they swept by the passing track at Mileage 42 Morton's fingers were numb from the cold and his eyes were hurting him. The boy had leaned into silence, a dark huddled figure on the wooden seat, his face buried in the collar of his greatcoat.

The throttle of the speeder was open wide now and the little car was hurtling over the wet rails. A signal shone through the night ahead, and it was yellow, and Morton suddenly bit into his lower lip.

No. 12 was in the second block now and he knew she would be coming fast. He had counted on ample time to reach Boulder ahead of her, but he was playing with seconds now. It frightened him more than he would let himself admit. If No. 42 passed Boulder they would have to ditch the speeder to get out of the way, ditch it somewhere in this wilderness of bush and snow, and he knew they might not get it back on the tracks. The twins would meet at Mileage 42, as originally scheduled, and the troop special would come ahead on a clear board. And if the engineer failed to see them and left them stranded, what would happen to the soldier?

Morton felt his stomach turn cold. On a sentimental spot of the moment remembering things past—he had endangered the record of a boy who was probably not more than a few weeks in the army.

The speeder swept around the last turn and its headlight picked up a small dark station house ahead. Switch tracks veered out to the left of the main line across from the deserted way station and they were clear of cars.

Morton braked to a stop a few feet from the little platform and shouted to the soldier. "Help me get this thing off the tracks!" Even as they wrestled with the speeder slipping in the wet snow and working with half-frozen hands they heard No. 42 whistle.

The speeder was off the tracks at last, and Morton ran for the door of the vacant station house. His fingers fumbled when he tried to pick a key from those on a ring he took from his coat pocket. It seemed minutes to him before he could turn the lock and open the door.

"She's getting awful close!" he heard the soldier gasp.

Morton knew the interior of the station house. In the dark he stumbled and groped until he found the light switch. The sudden blaze blinded him for a second, but he reached the electric connection to the semaphore on the station roof and then pulled the signal lever to the stop position.

He brushed past the soldier and ran out on to the platform. Even as he looked up and saw the semaphore arm horizontal and its lamp skewing red, he heard the rails start to hum.

"You got things pretty fine, Dad," the soldier said, and his voice was shaking.

A great, blinding headlight cut down on them and the roar of the train filled Morton's ears. He stepped back from a cloud of white steam as the locomotive flashed past, and he said a little prayer to himself when he heard the brakes taking hold and the long train jolt reluctantly to a screeching stop.

He saw the business car on the tail end and he could picture the vice-president cracking his head against the wall of his bedroom and coming out of a deep sleep to start pressing buttons and sounding buzzers, demanding to know why the train had come to an emergency stop. How could you tell a vice-president that an army recruit wanted to see his girl?

THE swaying lantern of the rear-end brakeman caught Morton's eye and then he saw another light moving back from the front of the train, diffused and weird-looking through the fog of steam.

He watched the conductor approach and the man's face looked strained and pale.

"What—" the conductor began and then recognized him. "Mr. Morton!"

Morton nodded. "It's all right, Wilson. A change in orders. You were out of Rockcliff before I could reach you. Extra 3555 will meet you here instead of Mileage 42 to take the passing track."

The white face relaxed a little. "My God, Mr. Morton when I heard those brakes seize I thought sure it was trouble. And I suppose you know who's riding with us tonight?"

"Yes, I know." Morton said.

The conductor turned away to relay the orders, and Morton looked around for the soldier. The boy had disappeared. Fifteen minutes Morton thought. 15 minutes in which to find a girl called Nancy and say, I love you, and good-by.

He walked along the train. At an open door a sleepy-eyed porter stood staring toward the head end. Morton boarded the car without the man noticing him.

He heard the commotion even before he entered the body of the sleeper.

As he made his way between the berths he heard people jabbering to one another. "Which way did he go?"

"Who is this Nancy he was calling?" "I'll say he was drunk—or insane." "—Sure I saw him—he was in uniform, and he had a crazy look in his eyes." "—I bet they stopped the train because of him. Probably going to throw him off."

Morton dodged the heads and made his way to the next car.

He saw the soldier ahead of him as he turned an angle into the passageway of a compartment-bedroom car. The boy was moving methodically from one door to the next end in front of each one he was calling "Nancy!" Perhaps at the start it had been a whisper but now with the end of the train only two cars away the voice had become desperate and almost panic-stricken. The soldier was literally shouting the name and Morton winced at the sound of it and wondered if it could be heard in the business car behind.

He started forward and then a door opened almost in front of the soldier's face.

"Honey!"

It was suddenly a triumphant yell. It stopped Morton abruptly in his tracks and he caught a glimpse of the boy's face; the cheeks red and radiant and the mouth open in a look of wonder and indescribable delight.

The soldier disappeared quickly into the compartment and the door slammed shut. Morton leaned against the wall of the passageway and fished first for his watch, and then for a cigarette. While he lit the cigarette he kept the watch cupped in his hand.

He was almost knocked aside by a young sleeping car conductor who tried to push his way past.

"Did you see a soldier go through here?" The voice was urgent.

"Yes," said Morton.

"Which way?"

"It's all right."

"It is not all right. He's wakened half the train."

"He had to," Morton said quietly. "And it's all right. He's with me and I'm the superintendent on this division."

He listened while the sleeping-car conductor told him his troubles. Mor

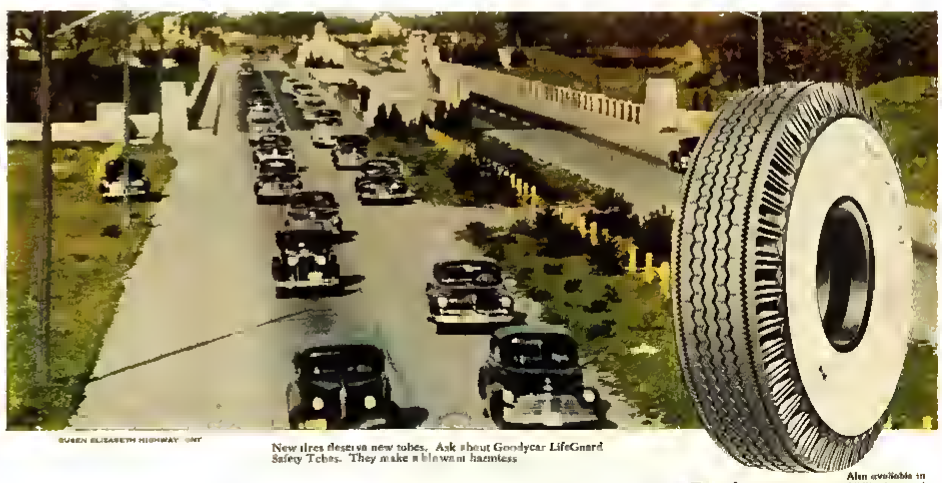
Continued on page 58

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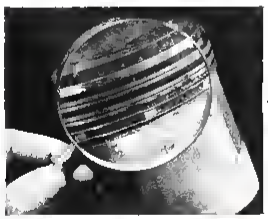


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AC DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED OSHAWA, ONT.

The Russian Subs on Our Coastline

Continued from page 15

The Navy's boss, Vice Admiral H. T. Grant, C.B.E., D.S.O., recently told Montreal's Richelieu Club that the importance of sea borne trade to our economy is too little appreciated; we depend almost entirely on sea transport for such commodities as bauxite (for aluminum) sugar, tin, rubber, wool and cobalt.

It is estimated Russia has close to 400 submarines—100 or more of them ready now to put on station anywhere in the world. Hitler had only 40 U-boats in 1939, but he had 250 by the start of 1942, and in that year his undersea fleet almost won the war by sinking ships faster than the Allies could replace them. Jane's Fighting Ships reports Russia's goal as 1,000 submarines.

If war comes with Russia, they'll move first, probably surprise us, and, because we won't be as ready as they are, we'll get hurt," one Navy man told me. We presume their primary aim will be to overrun Europe and we think their first move in our direction will be to try to battle up our harbors with mines and slash our sea lanes with torpedoes, cutting off aid to Europe at the source. Whether they will go farther and try to knock out our coastal ports and industries with atomic missiles depends on whether their atomic armory is as far advanced and whether they think it tactically worth while."

A major part of a $174-million building program is going into the immediate construction of seven new submarine escort ships and 10 minesweepers. The 15,000-ton carrier Magnificent has recently been outfitted with what our naval airmen call the world's best anti-submarine aircraft, the propeller-driven American Grumman Avenger. The RCN says it is adopting every new anti-submarine device. Canada's active fleet consists of one cruiser, seven destroyers, four frigates and six minesweepers, plus the Magnificent. Another cruiser, four destroyers, two frigates and nine minesweepers are still in moth balls, but Defense Minister Claxton recently announced the Navy's active strength would be brought up to 100 ships of all types in the next three years.

At a new RCN-RCAF maritime warfare school in Halifax students are learning that the immediate problem has little to do with the submarine's ability to hurl atomic missiles, lead troops, lay mines or launch planes. It is concerned, instead, in effecting a far more fundamental and revolutionary change in the submarine itself which can be stated so simply as to sound like something from Gertrude Stein. For the first time in the 331 year history of submarines it is set soaring.

The most enthusiastic submariners confess that before 1944 they considered their craft merely torpedo boats which could duck out of sight for brief periods. These new antiquated pig boats could lie below for six days in emergencies, but traveling even at a cautious three knots they could stay down only 36 hours before storage batteries for the electric motors required recharging. The sub could muster a top speed of eight knots underwater for short bursts but whenever possible it traveled on the surface, driven at 15 to 19 knots by powerful diesel engines which it also used to recharge batteries.

But submariners have always dreamed of the "true submarine" and their dream came close to realization when the Germans introduced the *schnorkel*, a breathing tube for men and engines which enabled a U-boat to submerge cruise 15,000 miles and never surface until safely back home. (The word was soon shortened to "snerkel" and "snort".)

With its retractable snorkel raised, a sub can travel about 30 feet below the surface, showing only the top of its "snort"—no bigger than a bushel basket and a mere pinpoint in a choppy sea. To make it more difficult for radar to spot the snorkel, the Germans painted them with a composition designed to deflect radar waves.

A Dutch invention, the snorkel was perfected by the Germans in sheer desperation when Allied planes literally drove the old fashioned pigboats beneath the surface. Snorkels were hastily installed on many old style U-boats, but the real thing was the Nazi's Type XXI which packed two other nasty surprises—speed and depth. This new model could reach an incredible 17 knots completely submerged instead of eight knots, and it could withstand water pressures to a depth of 450 feet—about twice as deep as any earlier model.

Coming: The Atom Subs

Germany might have won the war if she'd managed to get this undersea killer into the fight two years earlier, but only three saw action in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Most of the time Type XXI prowled the convoy lanes just below the surface, its snorkel riding four or five feet above the waves, gulping air for its diesel engines and crew. The drag of the water on the snorkel pipe reduced "search speed" to three or four knots—a problem yet to be overcome. But when XXI spotted a victim retracted its snorkel and switched from diesels to electric motors, then the 17 knots enabled it to intercept the fastest (15 knot) convoy.

When the convoy was intercepted the XXI could dive to 450 feet, idling silently there until the approaching ships overran it, then cruise along with the convoy and pick off one victim after another. Here it was difficult for escort vessels to detect the sub on their underwater listening gear, and once located, the sub's speed and depth gave it maneuverability our sub-chasers had never before encountered.

But, to perfectionists among the undersea dogs, even "snorkeling" is akin to flying with one foot on the ground, and they resented being tied to the surface by that 35 foot breathing pipe. When the war ended we discovered Nazi U-boat designers had developed a vapor turbine engine which didn't need a snorkel to breathe through because it drew its oxygen from hydrogen peroxide mixed with fuel oil and salt water. This engine could drive the sub at 26 knots underwater—faster than a corvette or a frigate and fast enough to intercept the 25 knot liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth which always scorned escorts because no sub could catch them.

Only one Type XXI was the hydrogen peroxide sub was called made sea tests and its turbine engine gobbled fuel so fast it could do its maximum 26 knots for only three hours. Besides the special mixture cost 1,000 times as much as fuel oil. Yet the U.S. Navy is spending $37 millions to build a similar model.

The U.S. is constantly betting another $40 millions on nuclear power during attempt to produce the first true submarine. This is the atomic submarine whose nuclear reactor engine will require no air yet will generate

Continued on page 56

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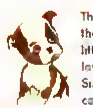
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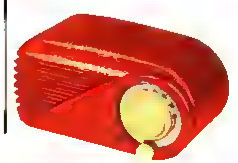
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Gurney

GURNEY PRODUCTS LIMITED
TORONTO MONCTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Continued from page 54

on inexhaustible supply of heat and thus produce the steam to spin the submarine's propellers.

Vice-Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, retired ex-commander of U.S. submarines in the Pacific, wrote in a recent article that two fundamental problems of building a submarine-size atomic engine have been solved. The reactor can be shielded to protect the crew from radioactivity and the extreme temperatures produced by such an atomic furnace can be safely controlled. When the atom sub is ready next year it will have a submerged speed of 25 to 30 knots and it may be able to go 40 days without rising even its snorkel to the surface.

Whether the Russians are building an atomic submarine is not known (Lerwood figures the U.S. has a three-year lead), but for all practical purposes the era of true undersea warfare arrived with the snorkel. And all the navy men I consulted admit the new high-speed undersea boats are dangerously far ahead of our best defensive measures. What do we have in the anti-sub armory?

We can hear an enemy submarine's propellers with our hydrophones at six to 10 miles—but he can hear one of our big convoys 20 miles away. With Asdic we can send out a searching beam of sound which returns as a pinging echo from the ship's hull. But when World War II began we counted too much on Asdic (Americans call it Sonar) and the convoy system.

In the black year of 1942 subs sank 1,664 of our merchant ships and six million tons of vital war cargoes—at a cost of only 85 subs destroyed. The Germans put out long-range recon-naissance planes to spot our convoys and directed wolfpack tactics by radio from Berlin.

Meanwhile, about our only weapon against a submerged U-boat was the depth charge. This had to explode within 21 feet to kill and the sub-chaser had to overrun its intended victim to lob its depth charges over-side, which put ship and sub as close together that Asdic contact was lost and the sub could often dodge and run.

Hedgehogs and Mousetraps

Discovering that air bubbles would set our Asdic pinging, U-boat com-manders discharged soda biscuits (sailors called them Enos Fruit Salts) and escaped behind vast clouds of bubbles. They fired 45-knot wakeless torpedoes into our convoys from five miles away, or well beyond the one-mile range of our Asdic. Later, homing torpedoes located target ships by the sound of their propellers. What finally licked the sub in the last war were RDF, radar, air power, better underwater missiles and a violent change in our thinking.

RDF was the radio direction finder which gave us a dead line on a U-boat wherever it started shuttling with Berlin. Radar, transmitting a radio beam and catching the reflection bounced back by an object, could spot a periscope-sized sub at 25 miles and surface-ships—a periscope at five.

But ship sinkings in 1943 dropped to 30% of the critical 1942 level after almost all convoys were assigned both carrier and land-based aircraft escorts. When these planes spotted a sub by radar they raced diver-bombs with depth charges, bombs torpedoes or steel-headed rockets. If the sub crash-dived a plane could track it by dropping a ring of sonabuoys (tiny floats equipped to listen for the sub beneath the water and broadcast what they heard).

Navy ships finally got two vast improvements on the depth charge, called Hedgehog and Mousetrap. These were something like an artil-lery mortar battery which fired shell-gun patterns of 24 bombs at a time, 100 feet ahead of a racing destroyer. And by swerving to avoid overrunning its victim, the ship could maintain Asdic contact while awaiting results.

We shielded our convoys with these new devices but we still waited for the subs to seek them out. Finally we woke up and created hunter-killer groups of ships and aircraft which ranged the sea lanes to pounce on the enemy wherever he could be found—and before he could find us.

Although Germany put her revolu-tionary Type XXI submarine into the

NEXT ISSUE

McKenzie Porter Tells
What Happens When

A GIRL BECOMES A NUN

Atlantic too late, it is against the snorkel sub with submerged speeds of from 17 to 25 knots that all our under-sea weapons must now be matched.

For instance, when old style escort ships approach 20 knots their propellers drown out their own Asdic. With the old device this leaves against a high speed sub (the U.S. is testing new Asdic mounted in a streamlined dome beneath the escort's hull).

A pre-snorkel sub had to surface for at least five hours every 24 to recharge batteries, which gave our radar a splendid target even at night or in dirty weather. "Say this makes snorkel subs a thousand times harder to see by eye or radar," suggested our anti-sub man. Then that means we need about 10 times the air coverage and perhaps twice as many surface ships to locate and kill them."

Again a convoy could expect to be attacked by any pre-1944 U-boat within 370 square miles of itself, but even a 17-knot snorkel increases the convoy's "danger area" to 1,256 square miles.

Naval planning for the future is based on deadly hunter-killer groups and sub-chasing submarines, for we learned in the last war that one sub was often another sub's worst enemy. Work is progressing on guided missiles designed to seek out subs beneath the surface and more sensitive radar. There may be other advances of which we know nothing but we've still plenty to worry about.

When 100 U.S. warships and 30,000 men covered by 500 planes tried to make a landing during Newfoundland manoeuvres two years ago, eight de-fending snorkel subs smashed the invasion. More recently the RCN's Magnificent was sunk seven times in four days during trials against U.S. submarines.

"Oh yes, but—" protested one Navy man, "you must remember the carrier had only two escort ships to protect her instead of her required six!"

This brought an uneasy grin from a senior officer. "But isn't the point that with a couple of ships in Korean waters and a couple in mothballs, two escorts were all we could muster?"

In the last war Canada's anti-sub navy expanded from six tin-can de-stroyers to a rugged fleet of 378 escort ships. The RCN is obviously ready and willing to try to pull the same rabbit out of the hat again if necessary. But the big question is: Will three be time enough? ★

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PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA

How a Red Union Bosses Our Atom Workers

Continued from page 9

March 11 the union announced its majority appeal to the B.C. Labor Relations Board for certification as official bar-gaining agent for Trail smelterman.

To Bert Gargrave, the peppery Steel workers' organizer, the Board's decision seemed to take a maddeningly long time. There were three hearings in April, each a week apart, and in the meantime Murphy's union was busy. Organizers visited each man who quit and by mid-April had 433 of them back again.

Meanwhile, letters, wires and peti-tions poured into the B.C. Labor Minister and the Board, urging a decision in favor of the Communist-controlled union. Every Communist-influenced union seal one in as well as individual members. "I'm being lob-bied to death," the labor minister was heard to remark at one point. In addition, some non-Communist unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor who have no wish to see CCL strength grow in B.C., decried the "raiding" tactics of Steel. On April 29 Murphy further strengthened his posi-tion by signing bargaining negotiations with the company. On May 6 the Labor Board denied the Steelworkers' application.

The Board merely said that the union had not proved it had a majority of members in good standing." It gave no further explanation of why they weren't in good standing nor did the Board or the B.C. labor code define specifically what the phrase meant. The Steelworkers appealed the decision at once. Six weeks later the Board announced that the appeal had been denied.

In the meantime two things had happened which further weakened the Steelworkers' position.

First, Murphy had shrewdly applied for certification of both Trail and Kimberley locals as a single bargaining unit. This was granted by the Labor Board. As the Steelworkers had not campaigned in Kimberley, it was solidly Mine-Mill and thus Murphy was able to strengthen his weak Trail local with the heavy Kimberley majority. The new certification also meant that Steel would have to wait 10 months under B.C. law, before it could re-apply. Billingsley and his group were dismayed.

Second, Murphy had held swift negotiations with the company and had a new contract which he hailed as one of the finest agreements in Canada. Actually it was one of the poorest. When other unions in B.C., including the Steelworkers were get-ting 10-cents-an-hour raises for their men, the company was able to settle with Mine-Mill for six cents in spite of the fact that its percentage of profit—$41 millions net on a sales turnover of $120 millions—was among the largest in Canada. Mine-Mill accepted the company's initial offer with scarcely a murmur and did not even take the matter to conciliation, a tactic which had won a better contract than that offered in negotiations between a local of the same union and the same com-pany in Calgary.

It was the agreement that caused the CCL to charge the company with aiding and abetting the Communist union's cause. The charge was drained out once by the company president R.F. Stavert who called it "irresponsible and misleading."

The Steelworkers claim, and the known facts seem to support them, that CM&S has saved money by continu-ing to deal with Mine-Mill. But there is little evidence that it has taken sides in the dispute although some Steel workers remember a recent utterance by Peter Dawdney, CM&S lawyer, as a straw in the wind. Dawdney opposed a resolution at a Young Progressive Conservative convention which was framed to help the Steelworkers' cause. It urged that the labor board start giving written reasons for its decisions. Dawdney said the party shouldn't get mixed up in the dispute but the resolution passed anyway.

The Mine-Mill union has been lauded in some staunchly non-Communist quarters. Fred Searles, an official of the B.C. Electric Railway Company who is one of the two management representatives on the five-man Labor Board, gave a good-humored address to the union's convention last Decem-ber in which he said: "Every union and every employer took the same attitude of give and take as Mine-Mill, the lives of the board members would be easier."

And James Byrne, Liberal member for the federal riding of East Kootenay, has praised the Red-run union in the House of Commons. "It commands the respect of the community and of the company," he said, adding that it has gained "without the blessing of any political party." Byrne was ignoring the Communist control of the Mine-Mill union to which he once belonged and was referring to the CCF policies of the Canadian Congress of Labor, a factor which hasn't been ignored in B.C.

For, whatever the outcome of the Trail dispute, the repercussions may have some effect on B.C.'s political future. If the Steelworkers make gains in the province's mining areas, they could affect the delicate political bal-ance at four or five provincial ridings by backing CCF candidates against the Liberal-dominated Coalition.

ONE MORE STIRRUP CUP, THERE, PLEASE

Or

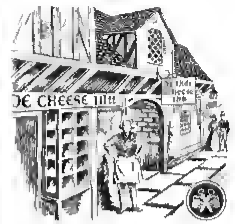
(If a singing title to "Hunter's Horn" is really necessary)

TO TOOTLE THE RUGLE IS FUTILE, THE FOX IS FAR AWAY

Cheese it, Reverd! Talk hot
A-hunting we will go's go,
That is if I am ridin as
Impartial, loving friend of man
That gives a neigh or whinny whether
Jumps we take, or take together,
Thus preventing nasty shocks
From briar bushes jagged rocks
And bring home by that fox.

Thigh-o, I'm weary-o!
A-hunting yes, A-running no!
Me horse'll have a dorsal spurr
That makes a cozy sitting place,
And though I'm wishing with a reason
Fervently for fishing season,
Reeh no, Dobbin to and fro,
A-hunting we will very slow
And after all the others, go!

William Gibson Colter



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In Trail for example a former CCF seat is now held by Welfare Minister A. D. Turnbull, a department head at CM&S. A smear backed campaign could conceivably unseat him. Bert Gargrave, the Steelworkers' organizer in Trail was considered the government's hottest and most effective critic on the CCF side of the B. C. Legislature until his defeat in the last election.

The government opposed B. C. Labor Board isn't talking but there are two reasons why it might technically seek to deny the Steelworkers application and both of these have been unofficially passed on to the Steelworkers. One is that the union's constitution does not give it jurisdiction over the ore furnace mining end smelter field. However no other labor board on the continent has seen fit to make this point. The other is that the Steelworkers collected no money from new members. But the board itself has called several Steel locals in Vancouver which did not levy a fee on new members.

In an effort to establish whether their members were in good standing on date of application the Steelworkers had four of them sue the union on this point. It took a B. C. Supreme Court jealice just 13 days to rule that all four members were in good standing thereby contradicting the Labor Board verdict which hinged on the phrase "in good standing." But the Labor Board is not bound by the courts and has not changed its decision or re-opened the case. The Steelworkers have now asked the courts through a writ of mandamus to order the Board to re-open the hearing. At this writing no decision has been reached.

In the meantime the Mine-Mill union is in control at Trail—though membership has dwindled to less than half of the Trail working body—and the Communists are in control of the Mine Mill union.

The executive of the local is dominated by Party members or sympathizers, many of them men who were defeated by Clair Billingsley and his group when they swept the Communists out of local control. Al King president, Kitch Sacantyne vice president, and Les Walker financial secretary have all been staunch and indefatigable party liners. As always, they take their orders from Harvey Murphy.

Key shop stewards scattered through the various departments at Trail are also in the Party or working for it. Through this network the Communist Party can get the fullest possible details of the exact layout of the world's largest smelting operation—and of one of the continent's handful of heavy water plants.

Murphy has already announced his next move. In negotiations with the company opening this month he will press for the "Rand Formula." This will mean that every worker in Trail and Kimberley must pay dues to the Mine Mill union, whether or not he belongs to it. This would strengthen not only the local union but the also financially weakened International. This in turn will serve to tighten the grip of the Communists on mine and mill workers wherever the union has jurisdiction.

One such spot is at the Eldorado uranium mine in the Northwest Territories. This has caused enough concern in the U. S. that it has been suggested that the Steelworkers move in at Eldorado and oust the Communist union out. So far the Steelworkers have declined. For some time they expect to have their hands full trying to straighten out a messy and complicated situation in the smoky little smelter town in the Kootenays. ★

ANNIVERSARY

Continued from page 52

tee still held the watch in his hand and suddenly he said: "Keep quiet for a second" and his ears caught the far distant sound of a train whistle.

He put away the watch and the young conductor looked at him strangely, wondering perhaps at the expression in his eyes.

Morton walked along the passageway and knocked softly on the door of a compartment. When it opened he said: "Your train is coming in."

The boy's cheeks had lost some of their glow. They were turning pale now, and the grip he gave Morton was forced.

"Okay," he said. "This is Bill Morton, Honey. He's the one who arranged it all."

The girl looked like a child in a long dressing gown, her hair loose over her shoulders. She was a pretty girl and she squeezed Morton's hand and started to say something when the whistle sounded again. Then her lips trembled.

Morton waited for the soldier at the end of the car. He gave a little nod and together they crossed the main line track and stood on the station platform. Then certain on the compartment window was up and the girl's white face was pressed to the window and she was waving.

The soldier waved back. He was still waving when the troop special roared into the station and hurtled out the other train.

The conductor was hanging from an open door motioning to them.

"Get aboard there," Morton told the soldier.

The boy turned and looked at him. "Good by, Dad," he said thickly. "Thank you."

It seemed only seconds before the troop train was under way again and the soldier had disappeared.

Slowly he recrossed the tracks and climbed aboard the passenger train. A young man in a dressing gown was waiting for him—the vice-president's private secretary—and Morton suddenly felt tired.

"Mr. Morton," the young man said, "is everything all right on the line?"

"Yes," Morton said.

The secretary scratched his tousled hair. "I didn't know what to do about the V.P. He always wants to be called when anything happens. But he had a very hard day, and he took a sleeping pill. He's dead to the world right now. You don't think there's any reason to wake him?"

Morton stared at the secretary. "Wake him!" he echoed. "Good Lord, no!"

THERE was a light in the living room when Morton reached home. The hour was two o'clock in the morning and the light was the only one burning in the houses on the street. When he walked into the room he saw a couple of sandwich plates on the table and a few empty glasses, and Martha was in a chair by the fireplace, asleep.

Still in his overcoat he knelt beside her chair and gently wakened her.

"I'm a little late," he said. "But happy returns."

When he had kissed her he told her what had happened. He noticed that her eyes were brighter than usual when he finished.

"He called me Dad," Morton said. "Part of the time I had a feeling it was happening all over again. That troop train and the boy, like me—"

"A different kind of anniversary," Martha said. Her fingers were very tight around his when suddenly she took his hand. ★



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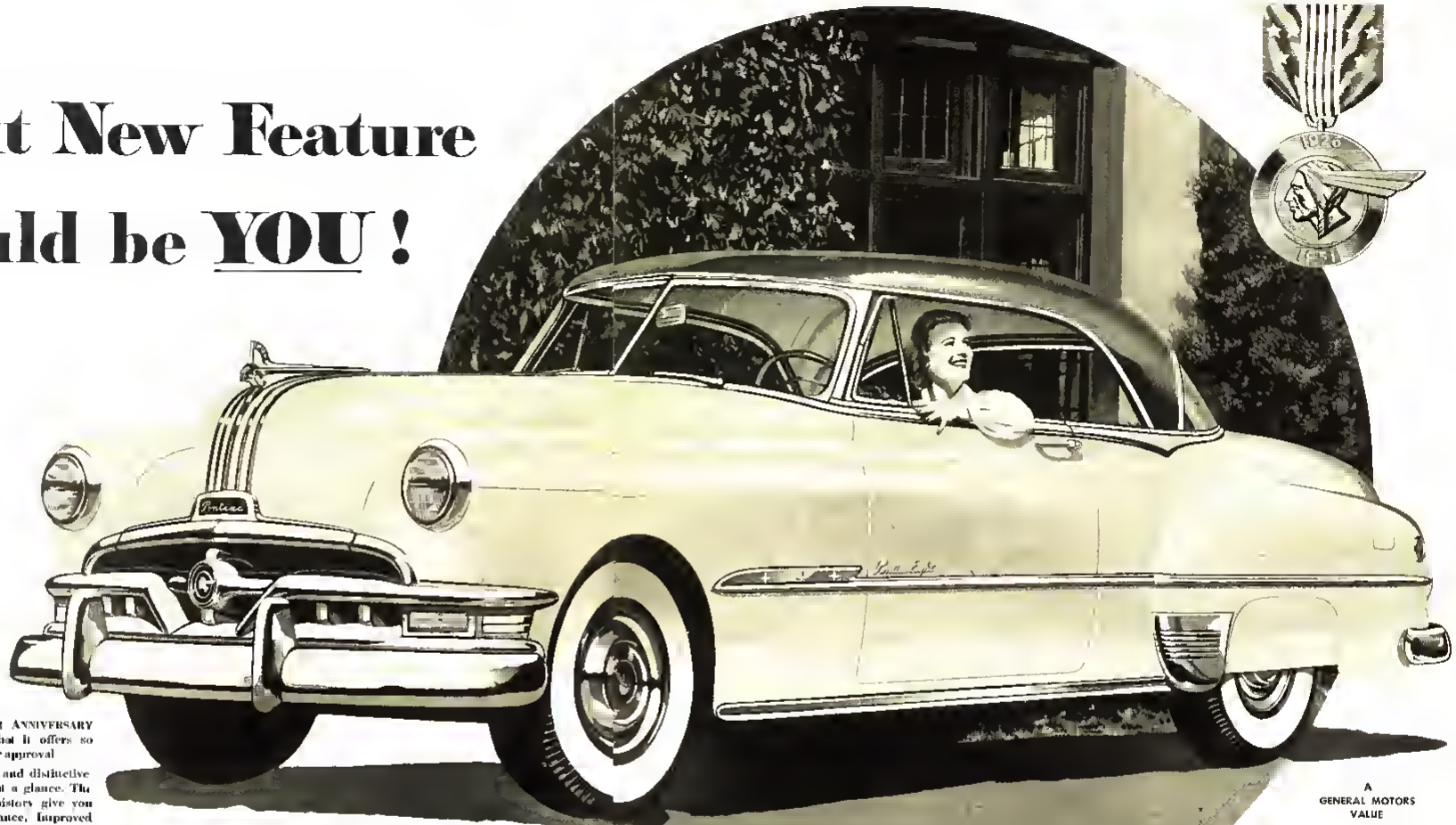
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Paging St. Laurent, Truman, Attlee, and Others

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE CRISIS NINETEEN FIFTY ONE ISSUE STOP ITS TERRIFIC —KATE AITKEN, TORONTO

● I would like to compliment your magazine on its Feb. 15 issue which I feel is exceptionally good. The articles on "World Report" are most informative and it is heartening to find a Canadian publication with such a large circulation as Maclean's endeavoring to give to its readers a clear picture of the world situation today and where Canada stands. I hope there will be more of this unbiased objective writing.
—Mrs. Winnifred G. Lang, Lake Cowichan, B.C.

● Messrs. Ignatieff, Fraser and Shapiro have all presented their facts very ably and Mr. Fraser has really freed his. I suggest napkins be sent to Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Pearson.—Mrs. Amy Dalgleish, Regina

● I have just finished reading the articles by Messrs. Ignatieff, Fraser and Shapiro and would suggest you send special napkins to all our leaders, especially Messrs. Truman,



Taft, St. Laurent, Attlee and Eisenhower, and last but not least, Hoover.—Charles A. R. MacLean, Toronto

● I'll be a regular customer if you continue articles such as these.—Mrs. Jean Carlson, Lake Cowichan, B.C.

● Heartiest congratulations on your symposium "Crisis 1951." They show intelligence and knowledge of the highest level. I wish to heaven we were not so closely associated with the Americans who are acting like a lot of frightened children and with similar intelligence. I regard them as far greater menace to world peace than the Russians who, however we may hate their guts, have first class brains.
—Charles Herbert Hinman, Columnist, Toronto Daily Star

● Thanks for the belly laugh. Shapiro offers this gem: "Eisenhower landed in Paris. His welcome was impressive, both in point of ceremony . . . and the number of newsmen present." I have always wondered how reporters get their way—now I know.—G. R. Price, Lady Island, B.C.

● I would like to place on record as average Britishers reaction to certain references in Lionel Shapiro's article on Europe. He quotes a British MP—I'd like to know his name—as saying that 20% of the British would not raise a finger in resistance in the event of another war. I'm not stating my opinion—I *know* this statement is incorrect.

If the occasion arises, they will resist aggression in Europe not only will they resist it, they will attack it—I *know* this to be true.—H. Smith, Toronto.

● After the last three articles about the Army, don't you think that the Air Force deserves a mention?—Mrs. Leslie Trethewey, Medicine Hat.

"Toast" — "Very Well Done"

I was much surprised to read in Maclean's Movies conducted by Clyde Gilmour in your issue of Jan. 15 that he rated "Toast of New Orleans" in the poor category. In my opinion it was the most outstanding production and the singing of Kathanne Grayson and Mario Lanza delightful. A great many of my friends who saw the picture agree with me. . . . a music lovers' treat.—Maude M. Beatson, Kingston, Ont.

● Your movie criticism column is excellent and Clyde Gilmour is outstanding in his field.—C. W. Davis, Kimberley, B.C.

● I find that Gilmour's batting average is very high.—Robert W. Harrison, Medicine Hat.

The New Sick Kids

I wish to take objection to the headline on page 20 of your Feb. 1 issue, "The Hospital Prayer Built." There has never been a structural mansion erected by the power of prayer or word of mouth since the supposed days of Aladdin.—H. J. Hilderson, South Burnaby, B.C.

● This fine article had an page 21, column 2 a serious error. Mrs. Samuel MacMaster was not the founder of Monilon College, or the wife of the founder of MacMaster University. The Hon. William McMaster, grandson of Samuel McMaster, was the founder of MacMaster University and has distinguished wife, Susan Moulton McMaster was the founder of Moulton College.—Mrs. Charles J. Holman, Toronto.

Reader Holman is right.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Millin (pages 4, 14), Dave Buchan 17), Wide World (18), Canora Crafts (19, 21), Pat Archibald (21), Nott & Merrill (10, 11), U.S. Navy (14), Royal Canadian Navy (15), Page Tales (20, 21), Peter Croydon (24), A. F. Coventry (25), Ted Batchelar (28).

A Picture of Barbara Ann

Truly I must say that the article that I enjoyed reading most of all was the one by Barbara Ann Scott (Jan. 15). Her friendliness toward people is truly great. This was shown by her in the city of Saskatoon.

I asked her for her picture. She told me that she would be back in a minute and hurried off. As I stood waiting there, thoughts flashed through my mind, for not only once was I refused by show personalities.

She came back to where I stood and explained the delay and passed for the picture. The picture I had taken I prize it very much.—Paul Priscak, Madsen, Ont.

Buck Up, Men!

Re your editorial "A Valentine For Reno (In Reverse)," Feb. 15. I always knew that, eventually, we women would be blamed for the war. Men are naive at back passing. Must we do *all* your work for you? Buck up men; and don't be so helpless.

Stop whining to us for help or you'll soon find yourselves reduced to the



status of male bees. Useful biologically only. Might be a good idea at that.—Edith Cochrane, Winnipeg.

Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet

I have just reread "Watch Quebec's Smoke!" (Feb. 1) and would like to thank you, in the name of my wife, for the wonderful publicity it represents.

Some of the old school of thought might not like certain truths and innuendoes of this article they might even go as far as protesting. Let them do it, they have done that mostly all their life and have succeeded in keeping this wonderful city of ours stagnant for too long a time. Have an eye on Trois Rivières. You haven't seen anything yet.—J. A. Mongrain, Mayor, Trois Rivières, Que.

● By resolution of the Council of the City of Trois Rivières, I am instructed to register with you a protest against certain allegations made in (this) article. Those in which the author affirms that this city's administrations in the comparatively recent past "showed away" new industries seeking sites here. This is definitely not true of Trois Rivières which has long sought to attract new enterprises and continues to offer them a warm welcome.—Georges Beaumier, City Clerk, Trois-Rivières, Que.





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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

Party members inquired had been going on for a long time quietly. It was reported in the controlled press as a "screening" program to weed out the half-hearted and ill-educated whose terms would cover any who might put Czechoslovakia ahead of Soviet Russia in their loyalties.

The screening program was conducted by a lady whose name is variously reported as Smirnova, Smerenova and Smirnova. Westerners take some pleasure in pronouncing it. Madame Smear-Over. In the weeks before the purge was officially revealed one of the hottest of cocktail party rumors had been that Madame Smear-Over had herself been smeared. Somebody treated this tale as pretty wild and far fetched—but when the last came out of those picked to the Madame Smear-Over name led all the rest.

Except of course for the name of Vladimir Clementis, the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs. Clementis had been in disgrace for a year (he resigned from the Czech Cabinet in March 1950) but in January he was still at liberty and still reporting daily to the obscure office to which he had been relegated. Then he vanished. By the end of February it was clear that whatever had become of him physically he had been cast for the role of traitor in chief in the latest Soviet farce.

Among Western diplomats few tears are shed for Clementis himself; when he was riding high he was as nasty a type as any. Westerners remember him best as the sinister scar-faced watchdog who used to sit behind the late Jan Masaryk in Czech delegations. His was the trusted Communist whose job it was to supervise and spy upon the genial democrat Masaryk. After Masaryk killed himself Clementis got his job. Whatever has happened to him now, it's not likely to be worse than what happened to Masaryk.

Clementis is not the only one according to rumor, to fall out with the Soviet Fatherland. The Minister of Foreign Trade is said to be in very bad odor because Russia is not satisfied with recent deliveries from Czechoslovakia—not enough Czech goods arriving to raise the Russian standard of living. And the Minister like most Czechs is said to be more and more indignant at the Russian habit of milking the Czech economy.

Nobody infers from this that there is going to be a real rebellion in Czechoslovakia or any other satellite. The Russian grip is too firm by now. Still it is nice to know they aren't finding Communist imperialism too easy.

• • •

Canada's response to the United Command's request for more troops to Korea was one of the fastest on record.

Theoretically, of course, the decision was made last August when the Special Force was raised. Actually, as time went on, there was more and more reason to believe the brigade would not be needed in Korea and would go to Europe instead.

On a Monday evening Defence Minister Brooke Claxton said in a CBC interview program there was no firm plans for the dispatch of the Special Force. He said the brigade was at the disposal of the United Command and would go wherever it was wanted. But in answer to other questions, Claxton made it fairly plain that he himself thought they would end up in Europe, and therefore that Canada need have no worry about recruiting her contribution to General Eisenhower's integrated force. That was Monday evening.

On Tuesday General Charles Foulkes, chairman of the Chiefs of Staff came back from Washington to report the Special Brigade was wanted in Korea as soon as it could get there.

Wednesday morning the Defense Committee of the Cabinet met. Wednesday afternoon it reported to the Cabinet as a whole. Before 6 o'clock Claxton was able to announce to Parliament that the Special Brigade would go.

• • •

New plans are afoot to push the "war for men's minds" in both Europe and Asia and Canada will play some part in them. The National Film Board has an item of $250,000 in the 1951-52 estimates for a "Freedom Program" portraying the advantages of democracy.

The suggestion came from Arthur Irwin, National Film Commissioner and was taken up enthusiastically by his Minister Hon. Robert H. Winters. Some what to Irwin's own surprise Winters and Irwin found it generally applauded. Even the hard headed Treasury Board normally allergic to any new way of spending money, passed the quarter million dollar item with only the raidest of shudders.

Considered as part of a defense budget of course the Film Board program is ridiculously modest. It will cost less than one medium tank, half a ranch as the cheapest modern combat plane. The United States spent $24½ million on such films in 1950 and for 1951 has quadrupled its output—Americans will spend $13 millions this year making "freedom" films in 23 languages.

On the other hand they probably represent as much as Canada can do with our present resources for making films. Film Board people are keenly aware that the Freedom Program is a major challenge. A "pretty good" effort won't be enough. The product must be first class, or it is not worth doing at all. Might even do more harm than good.

Also there's a lot more involved than mere technical skill. Films for Western Europe for example will be shown to people who have had their own form of democracy longer than we have had ours. There is danger as one External Affairs man put it of selling out to teach our grandmother to suck eggs.

In Asia the opposite problem arises. What is the right approach to peoples who know little of freedom and nothing of material security? Whose world is bounded by their own physical horizon? Whose suspicion of Western motives is centuries old and all too well founded in fact and experience?

It is recognized that, for either audience films of straight propaganda are worse than useless. Presentation of Western democracy as a pure and perfect Utopia on earth would be laughed off the screen on either continent. The attempt will be to present a true picture of democracy with candor, with humor and with a reasonable degree of sophistication. The "messages" of each film will be implicit rather than explicit, free as far as possible from the label "propaganda." ★

NEXT ISSUE: *SUDBURY: The Town That Can't Go Bust*



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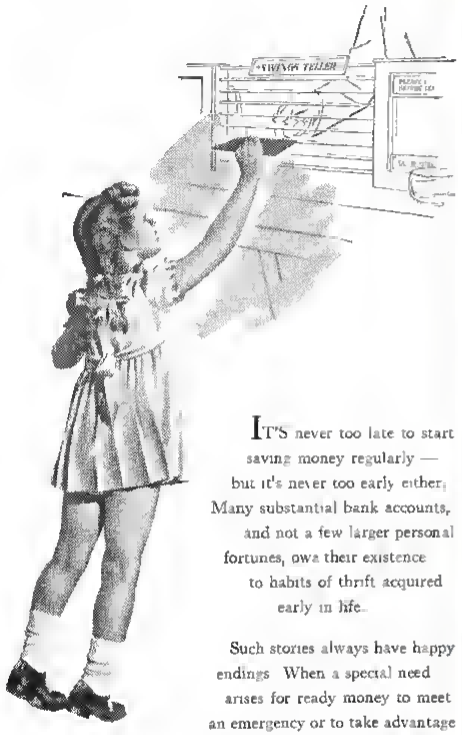
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THINGS are so quiet up at Glacier B.C. the railroad summit of the Selkirks, that even a house cat will go a long way to stir up a little excitement.

A section foreman reports he was sawing wood outside his cabin one morning and the cat was scouting for small game when a black bear ambled into the yard with her cub. The foreman wasn't alarmed until the cat batted the cub across the snout with a paw and the cub began to squeal.

As fast as it takes to tell it, the foreman plunged into his cabin and the mother bear took after the cat. From a two-inch crack in the cabin door the foreman watched the bear chase the cat around and around the cabin, gaining about a foot on each circuit.

About the fifth trip around, the cat spotted the crack in the door and dived through it. Then the foreman swears she jumped up on the window sill to watch the mother bear cuff her squawling cub.

• • •

A schoolteacher in Niagara Falls, Ont., thinks the frankness of modern youth is being carried a little too far. He was driving to school through a heavy wet snowfall the other day when he overtook one of his pupils trudging through the storm. The



teacher asked the boy if he'd like a ride.

"Gosh, yes!" the youth said, climbing into the car. "Anything's better than walking on a day like this."

• • •

An airman from one of the southern states, arriving at Trenton Outfarfield just after a recent snowstorm, stood shivering on the tarmac and gazing dumbfounded at the solid white fields and banks of snow piled up by the plows. Huddling in his coat he turned to an RCAF officer and asked fearfully: "Is it always this cold up here?"

"Just wait until you've seen it in the summer," the Canadian replied stoutly. "Warm lovely weather, green fields, birds singing . . ."

"Really, sir," the American interrupted, "do you mean to say one summer can melt all that snow?"

All good free enterprisers can take heart at the story of the Calgary 12 year-old who has been recently observed exploiting the unsuspected profit possibilities of the parking meters recently installed there. Just



as a driver turns into a vacant spot by the curb where the meter is flying the red flag, the youngster obligingly waves him into another vacancy where the previous occupant has left perhaps 30 minutes prepaid parking time. He's found that the amused motorists invariably give him the nickel they'd have popped in the meter.

• • •

At Montreal airport a woman asked a clerk for a 7-cent air mail stamp and was directed to a nearby stamp-vending machine. There she found the only stamps available were a 4-cent stamp for a nickel, four 1-cent stamps for a nickel or three 3-cent stamps for a dime. She consulted the clerk who suggested that she use three 3-cent stamps (10 cents). Her purse yielded only two nickels, however, and she studied the machine intently for a moment.

Then she dropped her nickels in the 4-cent slot and returned to the clerk. "I got two 4-cent stamps instead of the three 3's," she said happily, "and saved a penny."

• • •

The village clerk of a small settlement in Saskatchewan is often consulted about the correct procedure in filling out government forms for income tax, pensions, baby bonus and wheat payments. The other day he was visited by an elderly farmer who asked him to check over the information he had written on an old age pension application.

The clerk found the answers in proper order until he came to the question, "Has your marital status changed since 1915?" The farmer had written "Yes, she's got arthritis."

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